

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

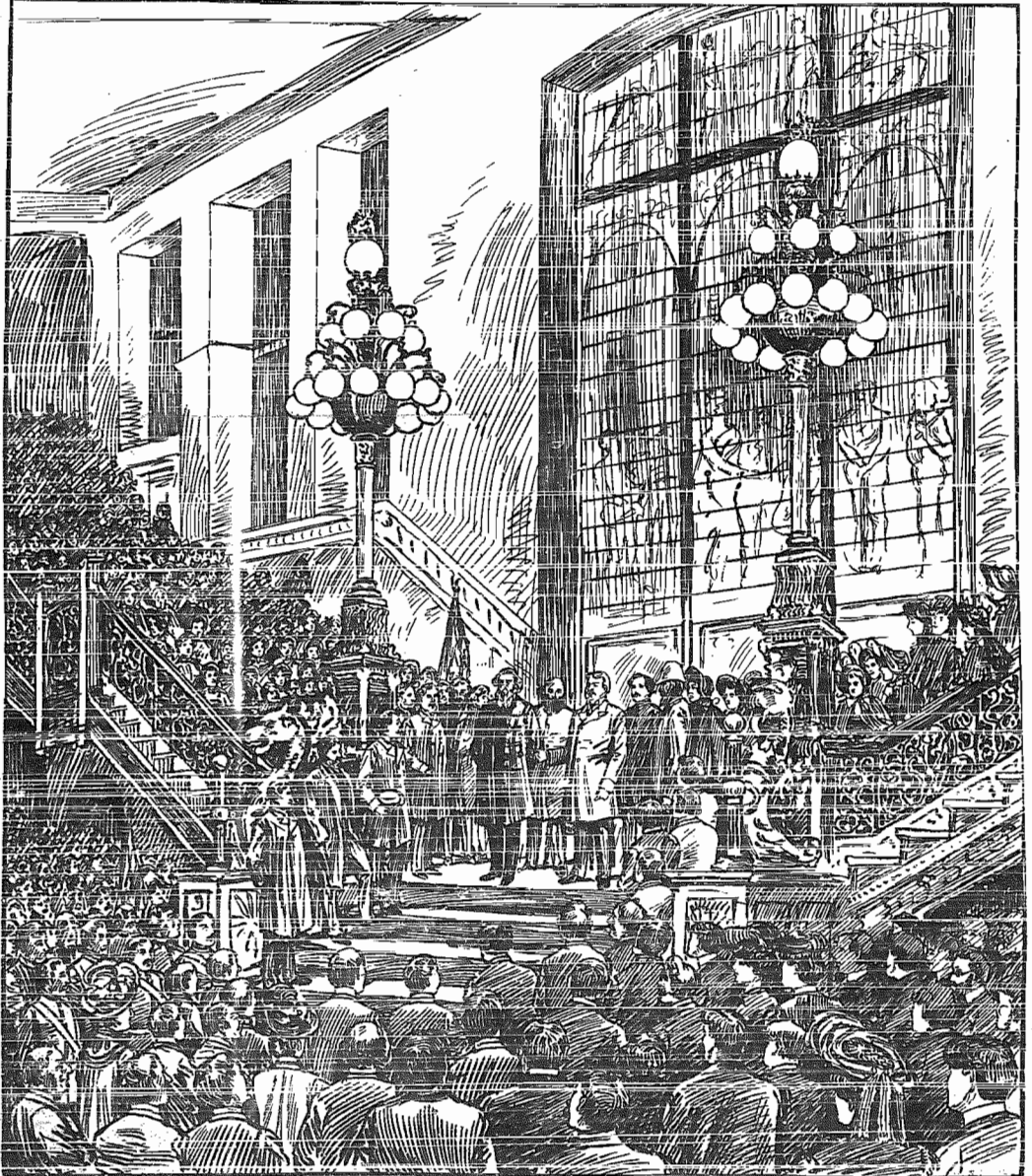
19th Year. No. 7.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

EVANGELINE HOOTH
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE CIVIC RECEPTION GIVEN TO GENERAL BOOTH IN THE CITY HALL, TORONTO.

(See Reports, page 8.)

The General in Hamilton, London and Woodstock

Unabated Enthusiasm—Huge Crowds—Remarkable Influences and Results—Heavenly Gales are Blowing—Soldiers and Officers in Ecstasy,

HAMILTON'S TRIUMPH.



HE Ambitions City knows how to appreciate the General—it does more than appreciate him, it loves him and knows how to show it. These are the sentiments of the citizens was enthusiastically demonstrated by the meeting in the Centenary Methodist Church, in which the glowing tributes paid on the rostrum were redoubled in the yet more glowing expressions of the congregation. "You cannot think what an impression the meeting has made on the city," said an officer, as he came in from a War City source. "Everybody is talking of it, and all with one voice are praising and blessing the General."

Despite the fact of one or two huge gatherings which were unfortunately held for the same night, there was a splendid crowd, representing the finest intelligence and sympathy of the city.

Mayor Hendrie, who was to have presided, was taken suddenly sick and unable to be present. He writes, expressing his inability to do so, also saying:

"I regret exceedingly that I am unable to preside at this meeting in honor of General Booth, of whom I have heard so much, and also testify to the good work the Salvation Army has done in this city, and also the great assistance we have received from the Rescue Home in charitable work."

Mr. H. Carscallen, M.P.P., was equal to the emergency, and took the chair with elasticity and grace.

"The power and force of the man whom I have the honor to welcome tonight is felt far over the world." So spoke the chairman in a speech of warm-hearted eloquence. In a few words he sketched the varying spheres of the Salvation Army's power of the day when it had been received with ignominy and ridicule, and of the day now dawning of its growing recognition and appreciation by the public. The Salvationists had persevered in their faith, peculiar it might be, but undoubtedly of divine attraction, and said Mr. Carscallen, "they have lived down prejudice."

Deafening cheers greeted the General's rising. The sacred edifice resounded with expressions of affection and welcome. Hamilton people are not afraid of giving full voice to their emotions, and the General's presence touched even sterner hearts with an exuberance of feeling.

"The General's theme was an inspiring one, his treatment of it even more inspiring. Old truths appeared in a new light. The needs of the people, the Army's proved plans for the meeting, the responsibility of every soul for some other, began to take form and color in the most vivid mind."

"You are lucky people," spoke an outsider. "With such a leader you cannot fail to be a great people. Why, his schemes are the work of a genius, and his power to carry them out yet more like one."

The Hamilton Herald, describing the address, says:

General Booth has not lost his hold on people. Although time and hard work have left their impress on him in a manner that cannot be denied, he is still the marked character, the far-seeing, soul-saving leader of men, whose presence attracts. His address in Centenary Church last night was exceedingly interesting, and the wit and occasional flash of fire betokened that the great fighter of sin and up-lifter of the sinner people was far from lagging in the march. He is the head of the Army as much as he ever was, and it was evident by the crowded condition of the church that he has not lost the sympathies of the citizens of Hamilton. So great was the crowd of women in the galleries that they were carried out. A third became weak, and was assisted to retire."

From first to last of the magnificent address the audience was held spell-bound, save when electrified by the mingled wit and pathos by which it was enriched.

Rev. E. F. Salton, the Pastor of Centenary Church, in moving a vote of thanks, said, "General Booth is the greatest Christian worker of the 19th century, and he is an inspiration to every follower of Christ."

Very eloquent was Mr. Adam Brown's speech. After speaking of the work of the Army in no stinting words of praise, he turned to extol the one in whose heart had been the birthplace of its noble aims and grand accomplishments.

The effect was electric when the speaker turned, and, facing the audience, said, "Go on, Grand Old Man as you are. Great things lie behind you, and we believe even greater lie ahead."

LONDON'S GRAND WEEK-END.

Of course the train was late. What longed for locomotive ever kept its time? A series of false alarms had kept the band in a series of spasmodic excitement, while hundreds of Salvationists with which the depot was overrun swept to and fro over the rails in blissful oblivion to the camera of the railway officials. Forty-five minutes late, and even Major McMillan's usual serenity wrinkled into apprehension. But with the fear came its dispelling, for just on the stroke of seven the train pulled in. The General stepped out and everybody's cup of enthusiasm brimmed over.

"Blood and fire to the backbone," was somebody's comment, as, half an hour later, we surveyed the splendid crowd which filled every inch of the commodious citadel. There were some fine soldiers in the crowd, we coveted them for the work and may get some of them through these meetings. (Subsequent events prove that we shall get some.) Not that there were not plenty of the ex-soldiers and hangers-on, always so specially sought for at such meetings. "Good ground for the General's effort tonight," we commented mentally as we surveyed the eager

attention and glistering eye of expectancy throughout the hall.

"O Lord, we are so glad we are here, with our beloved General and with Thee." It was the gentle accents of our beloved Commissioner voicing the first petition of the campaign. As with simplicity and force she bespoke the immense desires of us all, we felt both rising higher and higher and victory ahead assured. London's long-looked-for meeting with the General was going to be of vast issues to the soul of the city and to each individual heart.

It was a moment of immensity when the General stood up. A peculiar thrill went through that throng which loved (even the backslider loved him) trusted him, and followed him. "I've lived for this moment for months," said somebody. "Doesn't the General look lovely?" we overheard an enthusiastic whisper by our side.

But the General will not permit us to elongate salutations. He gracefully

THE GENERAL IS AMONGST HIS SOLDIERS.

He graciously acknowledges them and makes for the business of the hour. Before we realize the inspired eloquence of his speech which has accompanied it, our mental vision is transferred from the striking personality before us, and focused upon the needs, the aims, the short-comings of our own.

"You are a most important person to yourself."

Strange advice to one whose absolute doctrine is absolutely unselfish. But the General drives into our perception the essentially of looking after the one destiny over which we have absolute control and will not let us get away from it. By the time the General had finished this point we doubt whether there was a soul in the meeting which had not arrived at a conclusion as to their condition and their responsibility for what and where it might be.

"The knock-me-down." It was one of the most apt of all the General's apt illustrations. The children's row of bricks all stood on end—touch the last and they all go over. The row of influence in which all souls stand, and in which all go over with the overthrow of love. Our own importance to the eternal welfare of somebody else began to loom up in billowing clouds of responsibility.

It was a penitential form to be proud of. We congratulated the P. O. on so inviting a mercy seat—cheerful with crimson cloth and neatly carpeted where the penitent knelt. It looked admirably suited for the purpose. But it looked a thousand times better half an hour later when besieged by seekers in twenty different phases of contrition and consecration. Nearly thirty settled the question revealed by the search-light of that hour.

THE DAY OPENED WITH THE BRIGHTEST OF PROSPECTS.

Brilliant blue sky, dazzling sunshine, and happy and happy morning. Sunday morning crowd in the Opera House—thoughtful, intelligent, interested.

The General's advice swept everything else aside. The logic of his demonstrations, the irresistible force of his experience and power presented new ideas to the mind while they pressed new responsibility upon the soul.

"It was more than I bargained for," thought the man with the silent sting in his heart. "I feel as if the depths of my soul were being dissected."

There were others who felt likewise as the General, with impassioned earnestness, dragged out the difficulties of the ensnared soul, one by one, and held them up to view.

"Doubt has stuck in my throat and choked me every time I have tried to pray—perhaps it was because I went the wrong way first."

We have now had touched this man. That fire-brand of the General's flung into the cold ashes of the unbelieving heart, "Get your heart into the fountain and your head will soon follow. Five seconds' experience of salvation will teach you more than five years' reasoning about it."

There was doubt laid down at the altar that morning, sins swept away, and more than one life, long withheld, given to God and the flag for the lives of others.

THE STREETS OF LONDON, ONT., AT A QUARTER PAST TWO, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

At a quarter past two, on Sunday afternoon, of unusual activity; crowds of people were hurrying in the direction of the new Grand Opera House, where the General was announced to speak at three p.m.

At an early hour it was quite evident there was going to be a "jam," and the writer gave a little extra speed to his steps in order to be sure of securing a seat. On arriving at the Opera House we found the body of the hall quite full, also the first gallery and the seats in the "gods" being rapidly claimed. Policemen who were on duty had their patience and ability taxed to the utmost to keep the multitude from "racing" and over-crowding, but their duties were performed in a most successful manner, and by a quarter to three every nook and corner was filled to overflowing.

"Is that the General?" exclaimed one, as he beheld an influential personage making his way to a seat of honor, a moment or two before the General made his appearance. "Oh, no," replied another better informed and within hearing, "just wait a minute or two."

Some minutes before three p.m. the place was comfortably full, but now everyone had to squeeze themselves into the smallest possible space to let a goodly number of enterprising personages inside who were not to be disappointed; especially was this the case on the platform, where a host of celebrities made their way to seats which were instantly vacated for them, and who desired by their presence to do honor to the Army's General. Your correspondent secured the names of a few, and here they are:

Mayor Adam Beck, W. H. Workman, Major Beattie, W. M. Spencer, D. C.

Harris, B. A. Mitchell, Dr. Eccles, M. J. Kent, Colonel Lyle, Judge Elliott, Col. J. W. Little, J. H. Bowman, A. Purden, Rev. C. T. Scott (Meth.), Rev. R. D. Hamilton (Meth.), Rev. Dr. R. H. Johnston (Pres.), Rev. A. T. McGilivray (Pres.), Rev. A. T. Lower (Bapt.), Rev. D. Hamilton (Cong.), Rev. Jas. Jackson (Meth.), J. Duffield, J. D. Wilson, Mr. Boston (Gov. of

proud we were of our General! Silence reigned supreme while the General was speaking, and he was followed with interest and attention really remarkable.

The Rev. Dr. Johnson then arose to his feet to move a vote of thanks, and in substance said: "It is my great pleasure to move a vote of thanks to the General for his visit to our city, and for the opportunity he has given to us to listen to his inspiring words. This is the second occasion on which I have had the joy of hearing him."

The Rev. Doctor then referred to the work of John Knox and John Wesley, and was classified

THE APOSTLE among them our beloved General, be-
OF THE loved General, be-
19TH CENTURY. Having the latter to be the "apostle of the nineteenth century." He then went on to say:

"The General has told us, in case of his decease, God will raise up another leader of the great Salvation Army, but we pray that the General may long be spared to carry on this work and that his days may be multiplied. At his age many would have shrunk from so lengthy a tour as he is now taking. Thank God for His gift to our age of such a man as General Booth."

"It is not possible for all of us to rise to such a position of usefulness as he, but let us all be diligent in doing what we can in our small way, and help the General forward in his work."

At the conclusion of these and further remarks there were terrific demonstrations of affection.

tage he asked, "And what are you making?" "Soup," came the reply. "And what are you making it with?" "Cabbages," came the answer. "Well, here are a few tracts for you to read; trust, in the Lord, and He will provide." A second party visited the humble dwelling, asked the same questions, but left some ham with the tracts. This exemplified the Gospel preached by the S. A. A high tribute was paid to the work of the Army amongst ex-prisoners, and the Judge concluded by saying, "I have great pleasure in endorsing the remarks of Rev. Dr. Johnson and Colonel Little in the vote of thanks to General Booth."

The Rev. Dr. Johnson then sprang to his feet, pulled out his handkerchief, and led forth a general wave coming all over the building.

The General, of course, replied to the eulogies poured upon his head and the work of the S. A. It was apparent he was deeply affected by the affectionate display.

The Chief Secretary pronounced the benediction, and the largest and grandest meeting ever held in London by the Salvation Army was brought to a close.—Pry.

It is a strange coincidence that on each of the General's **SUNDAY** week-end campaigns of the **NIGHT**, present tour there have fallen many tears from the skies. In London, with so fair a start, we began to think that the heavens were more propitious, till that thunderstorm overtook us.

"I've seen some big crowds in the



Adam Brown, Esq., Hamilton.

thousand five hundred people did was perhaps the most eloquent expression of London's love for the General that that city ever demonstrated. The sight of that crowd huddling with the bad tempers of umbrellas which sought to turn inside out, plodding through torrents of water and almost blinded by the vivid electricity, was an inspiring sight. Hundreds of the crowd were soiled to the skin, but, regardless of "rheumatics," got in and stayed in. With provoking persistency the rain ceased and the clouds cleared at half-past seven, and immediately a further crowd of weather-bound people besieged the doors, but their more intrepid fellow-citizens had crowded balcony and area almost to suffocation, and the doors were closed. To open the top gallery at the onset of the General's address was out of the question, and disappointed groups watched their disappointed way back, sadder and wiser, and wishing they had been braver and sooner.

But what a scene inside! Every row of seats in that vast audience held some faces transfixed in mingled horror and awe. Souls under an eclipse as regards their soul's standing had the curtain drawn, the shadow vanished, they knew themselves as if the light of an unending day were streaming upon them. Literal shivers swept through the throng as the General depleted in lurid words the hopelessness of escape from a ruined eternity. Listen! His words strike a knell in the heart: "You can disconnect yourself from time, but you cannot disconnect yourself from eternity." Yet the next minute hope drove away despair, for now—priceless and precious now—might assure unending bliss and know its prospect all our own.

The prayer meeting was no common sight. Souls literally writhed under the scathing declarations of the truth, under the melting representation of mercy. They did not come quickly, those broken-hearted men and women. There was noticeable deliberation in most of the surrenders, but they represented the struggles of months and the deliverance of fetters that had aged and bowed the enslaved souls.

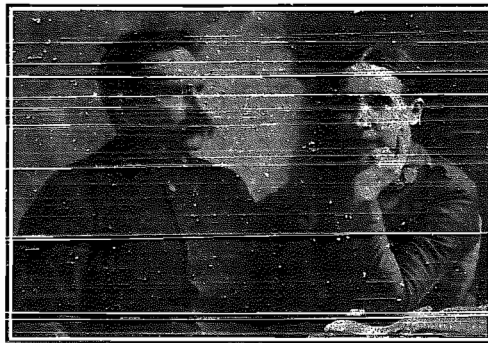
Fifty-eight at the mercy-seat is the record for the week-end.

WOODSTOCK.

"The baby city," as one of its inhabitants facetiously termed it, gave the General no infantine welcome. The title is no derisive misnomer. Woodstock is one of the prettiest residential spots that prosperity and affluence can desire, and now that its civic rights are assured, it bids fair to grow both in bulk and importance.

There had been some controversy as to whether Woodstock should be included in the campaign agenda. Its welcome and worthiness were beyond question, but it being so much smaller in size than any other points touched by the tour, its fate for some time hung in the balance. But the Provincial Officer's strong plea, Woodstock's own anxiety, and the General's personal dislike to disappoint a place which had spent its resources to welcome him on a previous occasion, gained the day.

"Woodstock must have turned out en masse," we reflected as we surveyed the immense throng pouring



Major and Mrs. McMillan, Provincial Officers for West Ontario Province.

Colonel Little stood to his feet and began by saying: "I have very great pleasure in seconding the vote of thanks which has been so eloquently proposed by the Rev. Dr. Johnson. I am sure you have all been thrilled as you have listened to the story of the General to-day. Now, the thought came to me that perhaps many of you were under the impression that in this most beautiful city of ours there was no need for such work as has been so ably described by General Booth, but you are mistaken in this idea, as our Mayor here present will admit. During my short experience in the affairs of this city I was greatly astonished at the work of the Salvation Army. No one was too low to be lifted up, and when others feared to reach them, on account of the risk involved to their reputation, the Army was ready to take them up and do them good. The question was not asked 'To what church do you belong?' or 'Is it the first time?' It was enough for the officers of the Army to know they were in need of a friend."

"The General has told us that when his time comes to pass away from this earth God will appoint his successor. Let us all pray that it may be a long time before that choice has to be made, and let us not forget the question the General has left with us, 'What are we doing?'

Judge Elliott then ably referred to the work of the Army in general, and to our beloved General in particular. He illustrated the efforts of the S. A. in a striking illustration of a man who came to a good old lady who was making soup out of cabbage. It appears on entering the humble cot-

House, but never such a one as this," said the manager, in the afternoon, surveying the indescribable crowd within, and mentally summing up the thousands blocking up the street without. "I recommend your opening the doors early."

We took his advice. Six o'clock the doors were opened, but, alas! at six o'clock the heavens opened too. Lightning, force and forked, thunder like rolling cannon, hail and wind in a mingled cyclone. Personally we trembled behind the window pane. Who could venture out amid such a whirlwind of the elements? That one



H. Carscallen, K.C., M.P.P., Chairman at the General's Meeting at Hamilton.



Lieut. West, Adj. Goodwin, In charge of London, Ont.

Jail), D. M. Cameron, G. O'Grady, J. Bowman, and Aid. Terry.

The bidding could not hold any more, and to say it was packed hardly conveys an idea of how over-crowded the building was.

A side door opened, in stepped His

Worship the Mayor, the dear General, and Canada's Commissioner. Everyone rose to their feet and indulged in a mighty outburst of welcome. The General motioned once or twice for them to stop, but it was a considerable length of time before the audience could shut off steam, and the last hand-clap died away.

A rousing salvation song opened the meeting, the Chief Secretary prayed; there were no further preliminaries. The Mayor therefore rose at once to his feet and proceeded to say:

"It is my privilege and very great pleasure indeed to

SPEECH OF introduce to you
THE MAYOR General Booth, the
OF LONDON. leader of an Army
of Christians who do not find the gutter or the slums too low for them to go to redeem the bodies of men, or to bring souls to Christ.

"We, in London, give welcome to the General of such an organization, and the splendid officers who are present and who occupy important positions in the Army, as also those who labor in its ranks in this city of ours. We rightly extend to General Booth and his Staff of workers the right hand of fellowship.

We know, as well as those who have watched the labors of the Army in other cities, how much good this great organization has done. We have seen with our own eyes their work in this city. We have known of many instances where they have received case after case which others, for various reasons, have not, or would not touch.

I know instances, personally, where the Army has grappled with cases successfully which apparently were beyond redemption. Others have left them alone, either because they did not see fit, or because they could not find them.

We extend to General Booth, as Christians, the hand of fellowship. We wish him and his workers future success, the General long life, and earnestly pray that the cause shall prosper in which he is advocating." (Applause.)

The General rose to his feet, and in a few subtle words expressed his thanks for the kindly manner in which the Mayor had spoken of himself personally and of the work of the Army with which he was so closely associated. A few moments later our minds were carried from one scene to another in this great salvation warfare, in a manner that brought smiles and tears at the General's pleasure. The speech itself was one of the ablest and most interesting to which it has ever been our privilege to listen. How our souls were stirred, how glad we were to have a part in this great salvation enterprise! How

under whose business exterior a human heart was beating. What a wonderful faculty has the General for ignoring the stern outside and disclosing the hidden gentleness within!

The General's speech was a masterly and lucid outline of principles and projects, which he had not only adopted but proved, and most able of all was the power which turned every point to the personal advantage and blessing of the hearer.

As one said afterwards, "Somehow you cannot only hear General Booth—you have to feel it!"

The pastor of the church took a deeper hold upon the affections of his own people as he extolled the power and work of the one who had honored their church by his inspiring presence that night. The pastor stoutly denied the supposition that the alert, energetic, and magnetic figure of this great man could be for one moment designated aged. "No man is older than his spirit," cried the reverend minister, himself the wearer of

to this town had disclosed these two notabilities clothed and in their right mind, respectable citizens and credits to the Army, through whose instrumentality they had been transformed. The story brought the house down, and the climax was the height of enthusiastic.

Victoria Hospital, London, Ont.

Our Army Empire.

Great Britain.

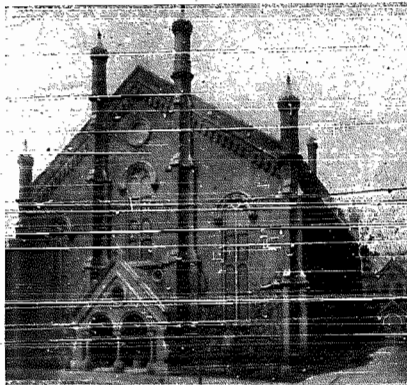
Colonel and Mrs. Estill have arrived in London from Australia.

The Board of Education has just sanctioned the use of the temporary building set aside on the Hadleigh Industrial Colony for Day School purposes. The managers have this week given careful consideration to the selected list of candidates for the various positions of teachers.

United States.

The capture of a prominent light weight prize-fighter, and his wife, a Philadelphia V.L. is reported. They are both taking active part in the meetings; also of a fine tenor singer who likewise is in harness and devoting his talents to the glory of God.

Two women-Cadets, in Chicago were collecting for the Harvest Festival when they met a man who wanted to be prayed with. They knelt with him on the sidewalk, and there the man found salvation.



Centenary Methodist Church, Hamilton, Ont.

silver locks; "hence I say that General Booth is not an old man—he is a young man, one that will never grow old—his presence and words have made us all younger and braver for their hearing, for the light he carries with him is a light which can never grow dim."

Mr. White, whose beautiful and hospitable home counted it a privilege to entertain the General during his brief sojourn in the city, made a telling and affectionate speech. He spoke of the forced ignorance of such quiet spots as Woodstock, of the immense and influential undertakings of the Army in such places as London, Glasgow, Berlin, and Paris. In these cities the speaker had been an eye-witness to the wonderful work which the Army was doing—work of which the voice and heart which had spoken to them that evening was both the promoter and organizer. Mr. White concluded with an interesting anecdote of his own observation of two deprecating characters of a Scotch town, whose clothes would not have been accepted by the veriest rummage sale, and whose drunken and depraved habits so coincided with their smutty occupation of carrying black diamonds that they had been nicknamed "Lord and Lady Coal." A subsequent visit

We left Woodstock united in its appreciation of the General and its desire to even outdo its present magnificent welcome if he should honor them with another visit, which more than one local magnate is already agitating for.—Star Capt. Page.



Ensign Grehaut,

In command of Woodstock, Ont.



Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock, Ont.

France.

M. Casimir Perier, ex-President of the French Republic, has sent a donation of forty francs towards the work of the Salvation Army in France. His letter he makes kindly acknowledgement of the good the Army is doing.

Brigadier Kitching recently spent a week-end in Paris.

India.

The latest candidate accepted for officership at Kandy Garrison, Ceylon is a Sinhalese doctor.

"Red-Jacket Sunday" recently took place at Calcutta, India. It was a day set apart for the King's soldiers only, and all who came had to be attired in red jackets. Ninety full-blown, red-jacketed soldiers were present.

Java.

Ensign and Mrs. Scheffer, of Holland, have been appointed to Java, for which interesting country they will be shortly leaving.

Adj. and Mrs. Jacob Peterson have sailed from Denmark to take charge of a work in Iceland in succession to Staff-Capt. Bojsen.



The Hon. J. Sutherland.

Who presided at the General's meeting at Woodstock.

through the wide doors of Knox Church. The meeting was billed for eight p.m., yet as early as half-past six a crowd of early birds were waiting to make sure of the seats.

"So far as my knowledge of the building is concerned," said one of the members, "there has never been such a crowd within its doors."

It was indeed a terrific throng representing the very best of Woodstock's society. The city is one of considerable pretensions in social standing, and the elite of the place were present. Few owners, who came near eight o'clock, were surprised to find themselves crowded out of their own domains, but they were too anxious to squeeze into a corner where sight and sound of the distinguished speaker was possible to waste any time in demur.

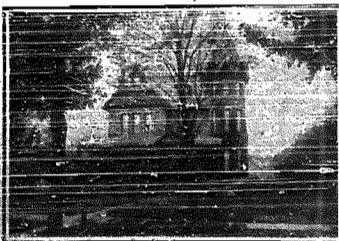
Woodstock is generally reckoned a place somewhat conservative in taste and fashion, but there was no suggestion of a spice of stiffness that night. If there was a fashion it all went one way—if there was a taste it had but one desire. It is a long time since we saw so many kid gloves go through such quick evolutions of applause.

"The front seat," we whispered, "might well have been termed 'ministerial row.'" Every leading clergyman of the city occupied a seat there—the English Church Rector vied with the Methodist Pastor in manifesting exuberance of delight, interest, and enthusiasm.

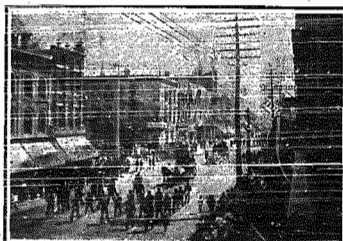
The Hon. James Sutherland presided. His sympathy with the Army is of old standing, and he let his heart speak that night in terms that told of affection as well as appreciation. "We know," said the honored gentleman, "what General Booth was to the world, we know what he had been to the church of Christ, and on the present occasion we want to let him know what he is to all our hearts."

It was no good, they had to smile. They tried to keep a demure expression as long as they could, these ladies of irreproachable gait and demeanor, but the irresistible humor of the General's illustrations overcame them every one.

Have you ever seen a man want very much to cry and yet not want to shed a tear? You could have seen him personated that night in a citizen of well-known standing and profession.



The Residence of Mr. White, Woodstock, Ont.
Who entertained the General.



Main Street Woodstock, Ont.

Happenings of the Week.

Canadian Cuttings.

The G.T.R. has decided on the general plans for the new freight depot, to be erected on the old Parliament Building grounds, Front Street west, Toronto.

Mr. Newel, at his Bible class in Massey Hall, said that in no city of the United States was the Word of God respected as in Toronto. About 4,000 people were present.

A rock was hurled across Niagara River by a blast in the Ontario Power Company's canal, and it killed a man named Mosler, on Goat Island.

The cable between Canada and Australia is completed.

A despatch from Yorkton, Assa., says that 1,000 Doughboys, men, women, and children, have marched into that place. They entered the town singing a weird hymn and carrying their infants on stretchers. They are in want of food.

Four men were killed and two fatally injured by a gas explosion at Niagara Falls.

Another beet sugar company has been incorporated, with head office at Peterboro.

Sir Sanford Fleming sent a message around the world in ten hours and twenty-five minutes, as a test of the new Pacific cable.

The Chinese Benevolent Society of Victoria, B.C., has received a cable from South China asking for assistance for the famine-stricken people. Their crop has failed in five largely-populated districts. The richer Chinese, taking ad-

Republican mobs prevented Federals from registering in the Island of Porto Rico, and several men were killed.

Expert accountants, appointed to make investigation, report that the city of Chicago, during the past ten years, has lost \$5,610,000 in uncollected taxes.

It is expected that the Cuban Railway Company, in which Sir William Van Horne and other Canadians are interested, will complete its line through the Island before December.

The Anthracite Coal Commission announce that if an increase in the wages of miners is awarded it will date from Nov. 1st.

The restriction on the importation of Canadian cattle will not be repealed by the British Parliament.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder against J. McKeever, the slayer of John Kensit, the anti-Russic crusader. John Kensit was injured on Sept. 25th by being struck with a chair, which was thrown at him after he had addressed a meeting at Birkenhead. Mr. Kensit was placed in a hospital where he died Oct. 8th, from pneumonia supervening on the wound.

General DeWet started from London for South Africa. He was heartily cheered by those who had gathered to see him off.

The members of the Irish party have left the House of Commons in a body, and returned to Ireland.

The London County Council decided that a joint committee should consider the advisability of the Council itself

the International Young Men's Christian Association Conference, at Boston, in 1901, and explained the methods and aspirations of the Association. The Emperor talked earnestly about the movement, and said he intended to promote it in Germany.

Leading Macedonians assert that the insurgents inflicted severe losses on the Turkish troops during the recent fighting in the Kresna Pass, by the use of dynamite mines. The fighting in the Pass is still going on.

The town of St. Pierre, on the French Island of Miquelon, has been devastated by fire. A destructive conflagration started and swept the main portion of the town.

There is an epidemic of measles on the Kamichuta Peninsula. Ten thousand persons have died of the disease, and the populations of some country villages have been nearly wiped out.

The Japanese Cabinet has adopted the proposed scheme for naval expansion. It involves an annual expenditure of \$8,500,000 for ten years.

General Uribe-Uribe, the most prominent of the Colombian revolutionary leaders, surrendered to the Government army after a hard fight.

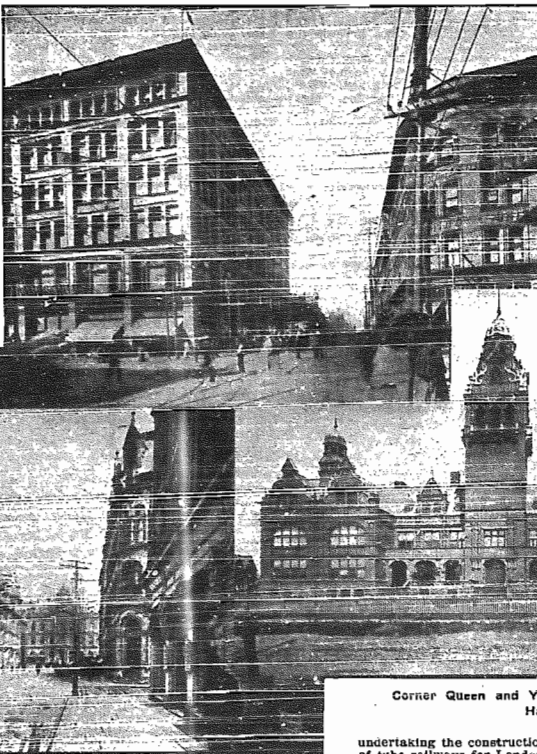
It is reported that Mr. Kruger is anxious to return to South Africa, and is willing to take the oath of allegiance.

The Porte has assented to Great Britain's demand for the withdrawal of Turkish troops from the hinterland of Aden.

The dismissal from the Russian army of the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovich, uncle of the Czar, which was officially announced, was due to his recent marriage to the Baroness Pistoloff, who got a divorce from her husband in order to marry the Grand Duke.

The engagement on October 24th, at Rio Rico, near La Cienega, resulted in the surrender of the revolutionary Generals Uribe-Uribe and Castillo, together with ten cannons, 2,500 rifles, and considerable ammunition. The Government General Martner reached Rio Rico with reinforcements of

A TRIO OF VIEWS OF TORONTO.



Toronto St. and General Post Office.

Corner Queen and Yonge Sts.
Harbord St. Collegiate.

vantage of the famine, have cornered the rice supply and raised the price to four cents per pound. About \$2,500 have already been collected in Victoria, Nanaimo, Vancouver, and New Westminster.

Montreal has accepted Mr. Carnegie's gift of \$150,000 for a public library.

Sir William Mulock, in his address before the Mulock Club, announced a surplus in the Post Office Department of \$3,000 for the past year.

S. Bittings.

Further details of the Chicago tax evasion frauds show that two of the city clique committed suicide through fear of exposure.

An automobilist of New York, whose mine collided with a street car, causing injuries to 22 persons, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

"Mitchell Day" was enthusiastically observed throughout the anthracite mining region.

The International Mercantile Marine Company will pay nearly \$4,600,000 for the White Star Company's fleet.

A negro, name unknown, has been burned at the stake at Darling, by a mob composed of four thousand persons, from both races.

A formal statement of the miners' side of the controversy has been handed to the arbitration commission.

British Briefs.

Many British iron and steel firms are amalgamating.

The official report of the Colonial Conference has been issued.

The Mad Mullah is reported to have captured a British camel transport.

The Scotch Antarctic expedition sailed from the Clyde on the steamer Scotia.

Relief funds have been started at Melbourne in aid of the sufferers from the Australian drought.

undertaking the construction of tube railways for London. This proposal is about the most striking advance yet recorded in the direction of municipal Socialism.

Speaking at West Bromwich, Lord Charles Beresford expressed his opinion that Britain was entering upon a century of peace.

A number of Boer Commandants and men have offered to fight against the Mad Mullah.

In an article in the Contemporary Review, General Botha urges Britain to grant a general and complete amnesty.

International Items.

Prince Von Pless was being delegated by Emperor William to represent him at the opening of the new building of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Emperor William received James Stokes, of New York, in audience at the Potsdam palace. Mr. Stokes, who is well known because of the great interest he takes in the Young Men's Christian Association in European countries, thanked His Majesty for the telegram which the latter sent to

2,000 men, and with the Government forces already before the rebel positions, managed to surround the enemy completely, and under a well-contested engagement forced them to surrender. Four hundred revolutionists are reported to have been killed. The dead were left unburied.

The Finance Minister has asked the Folkething (lower House of Parliament) to nominate a representative for the Danish commission which the Government will soon send to the West Indies. The commission's scope includes the restoration of equilibrium between the revenue and the expenditure, and the economic development of the islands.

Germany, Great Britain, and France have agreed with Japan to submit to The Hague Arbitration Court the exact interpretation of existing treaties dealing with the holding of perpetual leases of property by foreigners in Japan.

An Italian named Casati, who returned from the United States, has been arrested on suspicion of placing a bomb on the steps of the Bishop's palace, at Leghorn, Italy, which exploded and killed a boy and wounded two other persons.

THE SOLDIERS' SECTION

DAILY READINGS.

"He that doeth good is of God; but he that doeth evil hath not seen God."—3 John 11.

SUNDAY. There is an Indian saying that "where the needle goes, the thread will follow." Where the heart leads the way, the life will follow suit. Mere outward ordinances are like the thread without the needle. They cannot pierce the sinner's heart. They cannot mend the tattered garments of his soul. Those again who say that they are saved, that their hearts are changed, and that their names are written in the Book of Life, but whose lives do not tally, are like needles without thread. Every stitch they make with so much trouble comes undone, because it is not followed by the thread of holy deeds.

"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them."—Acts ii. 3, 4.

MONDAY. All allied with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave the utterance."—Acts ii. 3, 4. A man once found a piece of something in his field, which he thought was coal, and was, of course, very much set up with it. A coal mine on his estate meant a fortune, and visions of future wealth and luxury floated through his mind; but alas for his delusion! Although the substance on which he had laid his hands was the color of coal, and was about the same weight as coal, and when it came to the test, lacked the quality which alone made it of any value, it would not burn like coal. It had no fire in it.

And of what service is a soul of any experience, or sex, or ability, or any thing else in the Salvation Army, or a perishing world, without the fire?

"Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon thy tablet."—Ps. lxxviii. 1.

TUESDAY. You shall then find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man."—Prov. xlii. 3. Alexander, the monarch of the world, when he came to any city to besiege it, he would always first to show a white flag, in token of mercy if the inhabitants would yield, but if they would not, then he would display his red flags in token of wrath and blood. Even so at first our Saviour Christ makes us offers of mercy, hoping that we will turn and repent, but if we will not, then he would display his red flags in token of wrath and blood. Even so at first our Saviour Christ makes us offers of mercy, hoping that we will turn and repent, but if we will not, then he would display his red flags in token of wrath and blood. Even so at first our Saviour Christ makes us offers of mercy, hoping that we will turn and repent, but if we will not, then he would display his red flags in token of wrath and blood.

"The Lord is the strength of my life."—Ps. xlviii. 1.

WEDNESDAY. sailor, in giving his testimony, made the remark that a ship was all right in or on the ocean, but when the ocean gets into the ship it was "done for."

Just so a soldier can live with God and for God in the world, but the moment the world gets into him, or her, they are "done for."

"Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear thee, and thou shalt pay thy vows."—Job xlii. 27. A comrade promised \$250 towards a new building, but yielding to a tempting business offer, he purchased some property with the money he had promised to God. This was against his conscience, and resulted in his becoming a backslider. Shortly afterwards he was present at a meeting in which the Captain spoke of the sin of Ananias and Sapphira. At once it flashed through his mind, "Supposing God should deal thus summarily with me?" The thought haunted him so much that he had to confess

again seeing the light of day he thanked God for sparing his life, and hastily fulfilled his neglected promise, at the same time consecrating himself fully to God.

In this note the reason of much backsliding, hardness, and misery: People fail to fulfil the vows they have made to God, and truly terrible consequences follow!

"The hand of our God is upon all them that seek for good that seek life."—Ps. lxxviii. 22. A traveler, on foot, from the Alps, was passing through an Italian town and desired to visit the cathedral. "What shall I do with my knapsack and slingshot?" he said to the guide. "Put them down here on the church steps," was the reply. Now, these steps projected into the marketplace, full of all sorts of people. "But will they be safe?" he asked. "Well, sir," said the guide, "no doubt many of them are great rogues, but they are not quite so bad as to steal from God's house." The traveler put down his things and spent two hours in the cathedral. On coming out he found

them safe, with several baskets of fruit and vegetables beside them, left there while their owners had gone inside to pray. All were perfectly unguarded except by the mere presence of God, who honors those who reverence His sanctuary.

"The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and in the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. iii. 5.

SATURDAY. A father possessed of considerable wealth, long mourned over a reckless son, whose evil living brought shame upon him and his family. From home the prodigal went into another country, and for years was lost to his relatives. A chance occurring, the sorrowing parent went by a friend this message, should he meet his boy: "Your father loves you still." The friend long sought this son in vain. At last he saw him late one night about to enter a house of vice, and gave him his father's message. The dissolute gambler's heart was touched. The thought that his father still loved him, and wished to forgive him, broke the spell of Satan.

her back to Holland to rejoice the hearts of her parents, and there are scores of such cases.

Let us look at this branch of the work as it is today. It will help us to read a recent address by Mrs. Bramwell Booth:

"The work of helping the poor, the outcast, and the friendless, is the work of the church of God as a whole; the Salvation Army is not alone responsible for it. Indeed, it seems to me," said Mrs. Booth, "that the abandonment of the legal poor to the Poor Law is the abdication by the church of a most sacred and important duty. All the Salvation Army seeks to do in this matter is centred in the one word—salvation. If we can bring men and women to seek for themselves the salvation of God, all the blessings of God will be included."

"This pleasant home," continued Mrs. Booth, "is one of forty-seven such in this country alone, carried on by the Salvation Army for the help of friendless women. We further maintain throughout the world eighty such institutions. Last year, in this country, we passed 3,295 women through our Rescue Homes, and since we began the Women's Social Work the number thus dealt with amounts to twenty thousand."

"The work has been blessed of God wherever the Army has undertaken it, but we are quite unable at present to make any further extensions owing to the fact that we are in debt. The other day I received, for the third time, an appeal from a council of ministers in a provincial town, to open a Home there, but I fear we cannot respond to it because of the need of money."

Of all the sad people who tramp the streets of our great cities, I think the saddest are the girls we deal with in these Homes and in our Maternity Hospitals—girls who, at one stroke, have been bereft of home and friends and character, and in many cases of hope itself. Added to all this is the responsibility, trouble, and anxiety associated with motherhood.

"Twenty-five such mothers are at present accommodated in this Home, together with thirty children. This difference is owing to the fact that in some cases the mother on first entering service does not earn sufficient to support her child; so the little one finds a home with the officers until she does."

As a rule, in connection with the work carried on at Llanark Home, before its removal to this larger Home, there are on the roll 248 names of girls who have been in service and died well for at least three years besides many more who are qualified for leaving their names so inscribed.

"Several of the mothers in this Home at present are, alas! of very tender age—only fourteen or fifteen years old. One dear girl said to the officer some days ago, 'I have two dolls at home; one I shall keep for myself, the other I shall give to my baby.' There is another poor little thing of eleven whose mother died, and who was brought home from school to take care of the younger children. There she was cruelly taken advantage of by her father, who is now undergoing three years' imprisonment for the awful crime. The girl was given over to our care, and she is now quite bright and coming on very nicely indeed."

But at present we cannot attempt to go into further details concerning the British Field, but here simply deal with the work in these different countries in 1898. We will now hasten back to Canada, which we left a little time back to view the Army as a whole in other parts.

Tell neither your own faults nor those of others."

The name of Just quenches the light of life.

Religion makes good armor but it's a poor cloak.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

A GLANCE AT ARMY WORK AROUND THE WORLD IN 1895.

Great Britain.

And what about the Old Land, the place where the Salvation Army was born, in 1885? We must again glance at our comrades there. How many people there are who have always been asking, "Will it stand?" In that country you will find some who have stood right along for twenty-one years and more; without flinching they have fought with all their might for the salvation of the millions in their own borders, and they are still fighting.

"A flash in the pan," says some. Well, it has been flashing now for thirty-seven years, and we rejoice to say the flashing still goes on.

The wonderful congregation of all the different nationalities at the International Congress in London was one of the most mighty gatherings ever seen by a very religious organization since the days of the apostles.

A solid column of 2,000 officers, at that early date, marched through the great Metropolis, causing men and women to think of salvation, and recognize us, even if against their will.

Not only did the Chief of the Staff suffer, but our dear lady and ladies up and down the land felt the perse-

cution most keenly, but, thank God, they weathered the storm, and while devils and wicked men were looking for our downfall, God came in and gave victory. A universal all-night of prayer was held all around the world, and in answer to those petitions, God delivered our comrades from the hands of our enemies.

Since then thousands of poor girls have been emancipated from the thralldom and slavery of their lustful habits and are now leading lives of virtue and righteousness, and broken-hearted mothers have been made glad by the wandering girl's return.

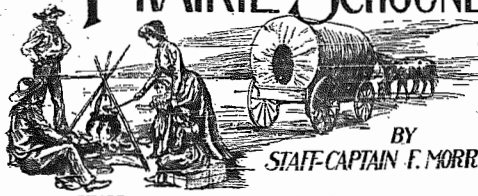
Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the wife of our beloved Chief, is now at the head of one of the most powerful women's rescue organizations in the world. There were then eleven Rescue Homes in England, while to-day there is no city of any size in Great Britain where an Army Rescue Home cannot be found, and thousands yet will bless the day that ever William Bramwell Booth set down his foot, and with his heart filled with love to God and our fallen sisterhood, swore by heaven and earth to do all he could to save them.

We might mention one case of a dear girl who had strayed away from her home in Holland, and led a life of vice in an English city. Her parents communicated with Headquarters, they got to work, found out the poor girl, got her converted, and sent



Queen's Avenue, West, London, Ont.

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER



BY
STAFF-CAPTAIN F. MORRIS

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Silas Mulrooney, of the "Prairie Schooner," now wore a smile as broad as a sunbeam. It outward appearance count for anything, he was a happy man. This plump personage, with his hands thrust into his breeches-pockets, looked the picture of contentment. If it had not been for the fact that Silas Mulrooney kept a tavern, sold intoxicating liquors to one and all who chanced to pass that way, and would occasionally adulterate the same with a patent concoction of his own, to make the "Scotch whiskey" "spin out," selling until one and all were beastly drunk, pockets empty, and hearts made heavy, he wasn't half such a fat fellow. But these were his failings. Nature had the power to make a goodly share of inborn joyousness, and he had a great deal of personal magnetism about him which attracted the cowboys every evening, for miles around, to the "Prairie Schooner," where they would carouse and revel in this particular brand of "Scotch whiskey" until the early hours of the morning.

Now, Mrs. Mulrooney, as the reader will have learned, was not a bad sort at all. I mean to say, like all women, she had in her those elements of goodness which especially belong to the fair sex, and from the very first had been against this tavern business. Silas, unintentionally perhaps, had caused her many a heart-ache on account of his desire to conduct an establishment where he could sell intoxicating liquors.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BIRTH OF JIM MULROONEY.

After a year from the commencement of the liquor business Jim, their only son, was born in these miserable surroundings. Kate survived his birth only a few short weeks, when her spirit took its flight from the sorrows and cares of earth. A marked change was noticed in Silas after her death, and he had, with his weakened manhood, faintly resolved to do better, for the sake of his infant son and his two girls, Lillian and Victor. But ere he had before him the dawn of his good resolutions before the storms of temptation which burst upon him. He became more and more reckless, and the inside of that tavern, which he said to all the world was a "paradise," became as an hell in the midst of a paradise, for the rolling prairie nature was carpeted with millions of flowers and grasses as far as the eye could reach, might well be considered beautiful.

CHAPTER X.

THE WHEEL OF TIME.

Ten years passed away since the death of Kate Mulrooney, and Jim had grown to be quite a chunk of a boy. Without the gentle care of a mother, he developed in his nature a roughness that was not seemly for one of his years. He had not even grown from babyhood to boyhood in a rendezvous where gathered the wildest and most profligate without receiving into his nature evil tendencies of the most serious nature. Oaths, in his tender years, were often heard on his lips, and the mention of the name of Jesus had not the slightest significance to him. Jim seemed, at an early age, to be a man possessed of the devil that Silas himself often stood aghast when he beheld his son in an angry fit of passion, using language as low as the bottomless pit. He found infinite pleasure in a boy, in the association of the rough men who would frequent the bar-room. Could a boy, born under

such unfortunate conditions, be anything but bad? With no inducement to do the right, Jim drifted on and on, and as he advanced in years so he grew in sins, until at the age of eighteen years, in a drunken sprawl with his father, he cursed him, bade his weeping sisters a hasty good-bye, and was never known again to darken the doors of his home.

CHAPTER XI.

GOOD-BYE TO THE "PRAIRIE SCHOONER."

We have little left to say of Silas. During the past eighteen years he had been going down the incline of ruin at a rapid pace. It is true he has some redeeming features, among them was that he would never allow either of his daughters inside the bar-room, and though they often overheard the wild shoutings and curses from the saloon of the "Prairie Schooner," and in other ways were exposed to the evil influences always around such an evil resort, they managed to clothe themselves with a fair share of decency. Silas, all knew too well, would have killed the first man who would have dared to insult either of them, or use profane language in their pres-

ence. Was decidedly not part of his training. What could he do? There is one resource he could fall back upon—only one. It is true, but he decided, now that he had to earn a living, to use his one qualification—Jim could ride well. It didn't matter how obstinate a bronco was, Jim could manage him.

His ambition was now to become a cowboy, and with that intention made his way to a ranch in Texas. Of evil companions he had not a few in the land of his birth, but as compared with those he was now thrown among, they were as saints. Jim thought he had reached his element, and in his education in sin had been in the least neglected at the "Prairie Schooner" it was now soon to be made perfect.

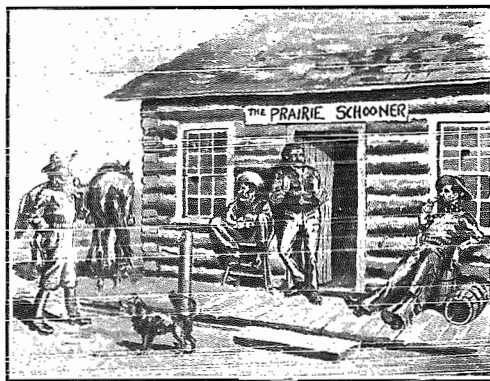
After twelve months in his new surroundings, there could not be a more degraded human being than the son of Silas Mulrooney.

Hardly a week passed by without bloodshed. Difficulties would arise at times among the men, and over the most trivial things. Intoxicating liquors would add fuel to the flame of passion, then knives and revolvers would be the devil's suggestion to put an end to the quarrel and land his dupes speedily into the fires of hell. (To be continued.)

COLONEL LAWLEY AT HAMILTON I.

The Singing Evangelist and Brigadier Pugmire Conduct a Special Meeting in the Ambitious City.

Such a successful meeting as that led by Colonel Lawley and Brigadier Pugmire, at Hamilton I. barracks, on Friday night last, should not go unrecorded. To the delight of all, it



Silas in Front of the "Prairie Schooner."

ence. Would to God that it had been possible for some halcyon land to pass by at that time and lend a helping hand; we would not have it now to say that these two girls left that home of sin to go to others as wretched as they. He has grown up in the men who indulged all too freely in the accused cup at the "Prairie Schooner," they began their married lives not under the most favorable circumstances.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

As for Jim, who he left the "Prairie Schooner," he knew not where to look for work. He has grown up in idleness and indolence; could drink well, it is true, and it certainly took a good many glasses of spirits to make him drunk. He was also a good fighter—there were few in the country round could use their fists or a gun to better advantage. Jim could also swear to any extent, uttering the most blood-curdling oaths without the least repugnance. But learning a trade had never seemed to enter either the mind of his father or himself, and

was announced on Thursday night, at our beloved General's meeting, that on the following night Colonel Lawley and Brigadier Pugmire would lead at the afore-mentioned hall. A rousing march, and some extra announcing made the passer-by aware that something special was on, and a good crowd greeted the Colonel.

Have you heard Colonel Lawley preach? If so, you can easily understand the character of his address. He poured out the love and the yearnings of a full heart upon the crowd, stirring up the slumbering desires within the backsliders' heart, and bringing God very near to the sinner's soul. When the invitation was given, one after another rose to their feet and made their way to the front until fifteen souls knelt crying for mercy. It was a glorious sight. A piece of tobacco pipe and a bottle of pale ale were conspicuous idols left behind.

This was surely a fitting sequel to the General's lecture of the previous evening. God bless the General and his worthy aid, Colonel Lawley.



Dr. J. H. Bell, Kingston,
Who seconded the vote of thanks at the General's meeting, Kingston.

OUR TRIP TO RAMA.

By MARY FURNESS, Orillia.

The sky was dark and leaden as we prepared for our journey to Rama, where the Salvation Army was to hold a meeting. As we journeyed along the sky grew bright, the little squirrels played hide-and-seek among the branches of the trees, or scampered along the fence rails as the dogs followed in hot pursuit. The road led through beautiful avenues of trees, while as far as the eye could see stretched the fields of ripened grain. As we neared our destination we could see the people gathering for the morning service in the little stone church, whither we were bound. Tying our horses we proceeded to the church. The minister took for his text Ex. xx. 13, "Thou shalt not kill." He spoke of a noted English nobleman who, while dining, was much annoyed by a fly that persisted in resting on his hand. Watching his opportunity, he captured the small tormenter and raising the window let it go, with the following words, "There is plenty of room for you and me in this world." The minister heartily approved of the kindly act. As the choir sang the beautiful anthem, "Jesus, lover of my soul," my heart took up in gratitude to God for His loving kindness in bringing those Indians to know of the love of Jesus Christ. After the service, the minister heartily shook us by the hand, at the same time giving us a pressing invitation to attend a lecture given by himself on his travels through Winnipeg.

Proceeding on our way we caught sight of the Army flag waving in the breeze. On reaching the lake shore we partook of our lunch and rehearsed our program till it was time to prepare for the meeting, which we supposed was to be held in the Wesley House. Upon our arrival there we were informed that they had secured the Council Hall for us. Hailed by a group of our Indian comrades carrying the S. A. flag, we reached the church, where it started to rain in torrents. Some of the weaker sisters made the church an effective pressing invitation inside, where the Sunday School was going on, but had to decline on account of our own meeting. We hitched our horses in the pouring rain, and drove to the hall, where a goodly crowd was waiting for us.

We started the meeting with the good old song, "Oh, my comrades in the fight," after which Brother John Wesley led us in prayer. Bro. Tom Wesley led the testimony meeting, which went with a swing. Sisters James, Crooks, and Furness, also our Indian comrades treated us to some special singing. Brother James read the lecture, impressing upon the people the necessity of being ready to meet God. The meeting was brought to a close with prayer.

We then commenced our journey home, reaching the Moffat Farm a little after six, where we partook of a good supper, while we dried our clothes. After conducting a meeting in the barracks we started for home.

The General in Toronto

THE CLIMAX OF THE GENERAL'S CANADIAN CAMPAIGN.

HIS TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO TORONTO AND MOMENTOUS MEETINGS AT THE MASSEY HALL.

Amidst a Sea of Blazing Torches, Beating of Drums, the Din of Brass Bands, the Booming of Guns and Cheers of Thousands of Salvationists and Citizens, the General was Welcomed to Ontario's Capital—His Great Lecture on "The Past, Present and Future of the Salvation Army" on Friday—Wonderful Day of Salvation on Sunday.



HE magnificent public welcome given to the General by the assembled officers and soldiers, and the citizens of the Queen City, ranks amongst the finest and most enthusiastic, as well as unique, demonstrations, of any kind or character ever witnessed here. It was a public ovation to do honor to one whose name for many years now has been closely associated with everything which has stood for the bettering of the condition of the submerged of the human society. It was also an inspiring, as well as a brilliant, display of the remarkable strength and virility of the Canadian wing of the world-wide Salvation Army, and of its deep affection and loyalty for their great and venerable leader. It was a touching sight to notice right along the progress throughout the thronged streets that all class distinction seemed obliterated between rich and poor, and Jew and Gentile, for greetings, cheers, raised hats, and waving handkerchiefs were seen everywhere without reserve, and the bare head, with the crown of white hair, was kept bowing to the right and left in acknowledgement of the continuous salutations.

THE train bringing our beloved General to Toronto arrived at 8.40 p.m., at the massive Union Station, being somewhat late, but the immense crowd outside waited patiently and in the best of humor. Accompanied by Canada's Commissioner, Miss Eva Booth, the General walked through the long corridor, and as he emerged from the entrance gates a stupendous outburst of prolonged cheers greeted him, the echo of which could be heard blocks away.

At the same moment three sky-rockets pierced the inky blackness of the sky and announced the arrival of the city's distinguished guest, also giving the signal to the man at the tower of the Army's Headquarters building to begin the firing of seventy-three cannon salutes, which boomed for half an hour over the city while the procession was in progress. A huge-cath also caused the instantaneous lighting of hundreds of torches, which blazed forth as if by magic with startling effect, revealing the tremendous assemblage of spectators.

As soon as the General had taken his seat in the carriage by the side of the Dominion's popular Commissioner, the entire procession filed past the General in review, and then marched off to the inspiring strains of several brass bands.

The great march was preceded by mounted police and headed by mounted color-bearers and guards, followed by the officers of the three Ontario Provinces, the soldiers of the city corps, and many visiting Salvationists. The men and women marched in separate companies, with special banners inscribed with words of greeting. The scarlet-tinted Staff Band, with shoulder-lamps, the trim-looking squad of Cadets in red guernseys, white leather sashes and helmets, and the lassie-Cadets with white cords caused much comment, and formed an attractive portion of the march. The procession was one of the longest and best arranged of any kind that had ever been witnessed in Toronto, although the twelve hundred officers and soldiers who formed it marched four abreast

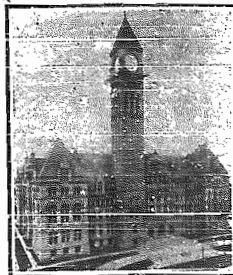
and in close ranks. All along the route of march the sidewalks were crowded with spectators, which on prominent conjunctions of streets became a solid mass. The march was a brilliant affair. The flare of the hundreds of torches, the mounted guards, floating banners, solid files, martial strains, booming salutes, and colored fires, mingling with the cheers of the crowd, fluttering of handkerchiefs, and waving of hats, made the whole affair one indelibly impressed on every witness' memory.

When the great procession reached the City Hall the advance torch-bearers formed an avenue from the sidewalk to the steps of the grand building, while the red-guarnseyed Cadets continued the line inside from the entrance to the grand staircase.

Toronto's fine City Hall possesses in its beautiful, great central hall, with its artistic, grand staircase and balcony, a fine stage and setting for a civic welcome, and the whole scene, brilliantly lit up with clusters of electric lights, reflected in thousands of faces in the hall, up both sides of the stairway and fringing the balcony, with its focus of the elevated square where His Worship, the Mayor, and the General formed the two striking figures of the assembly, was an imposing one.

The Mayor met the General at the door of the City Hall, and walked with his honored guest to the landing.

Enthusiastic cheers for some time prevented the Mayor from speaking,



Toronto City Hall.

but as soon as silence was restored Mr. Howland began his address of the city's welcome in a clear and steady voice:

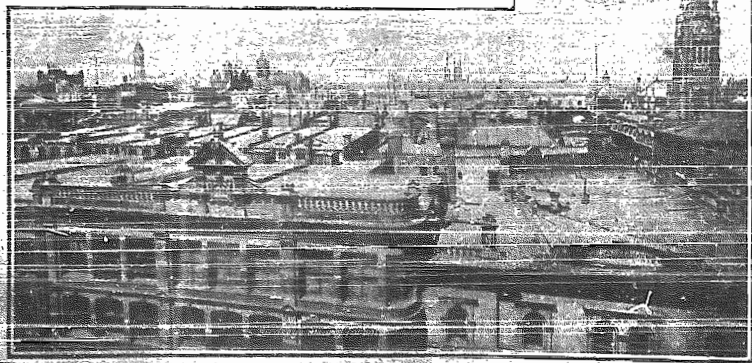
"General.—We were glad to welcome you years ago when you visited Toronto as General of the Salvation Army. We were delighted with your presence at that time, and now, on behalf of the Council of the City of Toronto, and in the name of the citizens of Toronto, I once more greet and welcome you."

"We have had, sir, in this building, young as it is in its history, the honor of greeting several distinguished guests. We have had the distinction of a royal progress through the Dominion—the Prince and Princess of Wales, and had the honor of receiving them at the door of this building. We expect to have before long the honor of receiving Lord Roberts, the representative of the military science and brilliant glory of our great Empire. We have also received here great statesmen of the Empire, Sir Edmund Barton and his colleagues, on their return from the scene of the coronation, at which they were present as representatives of our great sister, the Commonwealth of Australia. And next year, perhaps, along with Lord Roberts, we will have the honor of receiving Sir Chamberlain, the representative of the Colonial Office, the great centre of Imperial machinery which keeps the world in order, and, sir, we count it amongst these honors, and amongst the historic moments which should be recorded as among the interesting events of this city, our present reception of yourself, General Booth. (Thunders of applause.)"

"Honored sir, you do not represent the royalty of the Kingdom of the earth to which St. Paul taught Christians to say no. You do not represent the statesmen of power who guide the wheels of justice. You do not represent the generalship which is obliged to use the bitter steel and weapons of war in the defense of the rights of our people and the peace of our Empire. But, sir, you represent something without which statesmen, generals, and constitutions would be useless."

"You are not, sir, the head of any established church, or any recognized creed; but, sir, you are the representative of this constantly-incoming wave of Christian enthusiasm, of social sentiment, of Christian feeling, without which churches established or disestablished would have no life and no continuing being."

You are at present, sir, making progress around the world—the greater world, so many times magnified since the time when St. Paul went around the little Christian world established around the waters of the Mediterranean, visiting his churches. You are now making a progress around the whole round globe, and everywhere finding churches. You are now making might compare you, sir, to a gardener



Queen's Avenue, West, looking

or a husbandman, who had planted trees in his youth on the hillside, on the plain, on the riverside, and now visits again to find them in full growth and vigor. In this city of Toronto



Mayor Howland, Toronto.

sir, I can testify that you will find
 one of those trees planted, which is
 unequalled, I am sure, anywhere in
 the world in its vigorous growth, in
 its standing, in its enthusiasm. (Ter-
 rific applause.)

"One does not wish no one part of the Empire, but every part, owes to you, is that revelation of 'Darkest England', which has resulted in the establishment of the various parts of the British Empire, and other countries speaking countries, agencies for the practical reclamation of those who by misfortune, personal incompetence, or error, have fallen on the wayside. I am sure, Sir, that howsoever the scheme which you are proposing for the restoration of society by the power of industry and by the methods of restored conscience, in this city were thank you for the useful efforts of the various voluntary agencies, and the efforts of the Rescue Homes and those restoration Homes might call them."

have admired the manner in which the Army has dealt so nobly with these outcasts of society.

"I am aware that you are only resting for a moment in your long and arduous journey through life, and I do not desire these words of welcome to be unnecessarily wearisome. I therefore wish to say, without continuing further, to you, sir, the organization that you represent, and the traveling Staff associated with you, that you are welcome to this city, that you are honored in this city, that we wish you well, and we hope for your long prosperity and success." (Hearty applause.)

The General's rising was the signal for another outburst of acclamation and cheer which could be subdued with difficulty only. His figure stood out erect and striking, like that of a patriarch and prophet of his people, who indeed had welcomed him as a prince. He replied with distinct and clear voice :

THE
GENERAL'S
REPLY.

"How shall I worthily thank you for this enthusiastic, this affectionate greeting, this magnificent welcome that you have given me to your city on the present occasion? How shall I thank your Worship for these words of eulogy with respect to the work of this movement of which you have been pleased to speak to me this evening?"

I can never forget the occasion of my visit to this city, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, nor the hearty welcome in which I was welcomed on that occasion. I can well remember the ready and hearty appreciation which was given to the work to which I had set my hand, for we had already seen some remarkable accomplishments. Years have passed away since then. I have traveled to and fro through the world. I have had welcomes and greetings in almost every fertilized part of the globe, yet I have never forgotten the welcome I received then at Toronto. (Applause.)

"Sir, since I was last in this city—four years ago—as Chief Minister, you have been called upon to receive such gentlemen as those to whom you are referred. I do not know of any of the nation, who have rendered unto it distinguished services. As far as I am concerned, Mr. Mayor, I am only a very humble individual—the simplest of men. I have no special claims, and yet, sir, I flatter myself that, by the blessing of God and the might of the Holy Spirit, assisted by the officials of the Government, I have been able to do something towards the blessing and prosperity of this great British Empire. (Applauds) And now only in this British Empire, I am glad to say, is the empire of the world."

The General then referred to a recent incident which happened while he was in Paris, France, where a General of the French army greeted him with the observation, "General Booth, you are not an Englishman. You are a man. You do not belong to any one nation. You belong to humanity." He regarded this as a compliment.

After speaking briefly of the Army's work and stating that he would fully lecture on it to-morrow night, he concluded :

"I leave Toronto a week from Saturday for a tour in the United States, as far west as San Francisco, and back again to New York, then to England, India, Australasia, then somewhere else, somewhere else, and then! then!! then!!!—Sir, through the Pearly Gates into the Celestial City, where, Mr. Mayor, I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you!" (Terrific applause and amens.)

After the tumult somewhat quieted down Colonel Lawley closed in prayer, and while the Staff Band played "The Maple Leaf Forever," the crowd surged out, and separated into several streams of humanity that with animated discussion of the grand event overflowed into street cars and side streets, while the General drove to the S. A. Temple to retire into his temporary quarters, consisting of parlor, office, dining-room, reception room, and bedroom, all in one apartment of

four walls—for the General, above all, is a soldier.—D. F.

THE WELCOME MEETING.

HALLOWE'EN of this year of grace registered two great events in Toronto's history—the reception meeting of General Booth, the founder and father of the world-wide Salvation Army, who had been royally welcomed by the city last night, and Lady Henry Somerset, who spoke at the Metropolitan Church, at the W.C.T.U. Convention.

An audience of nearly five thousand demonstrative citizens, and a most representative platform, greeted the General, who seemed in the best of health and spirits; so much so that the Rev. Dr. Potts, in his speech, remarked upon it.

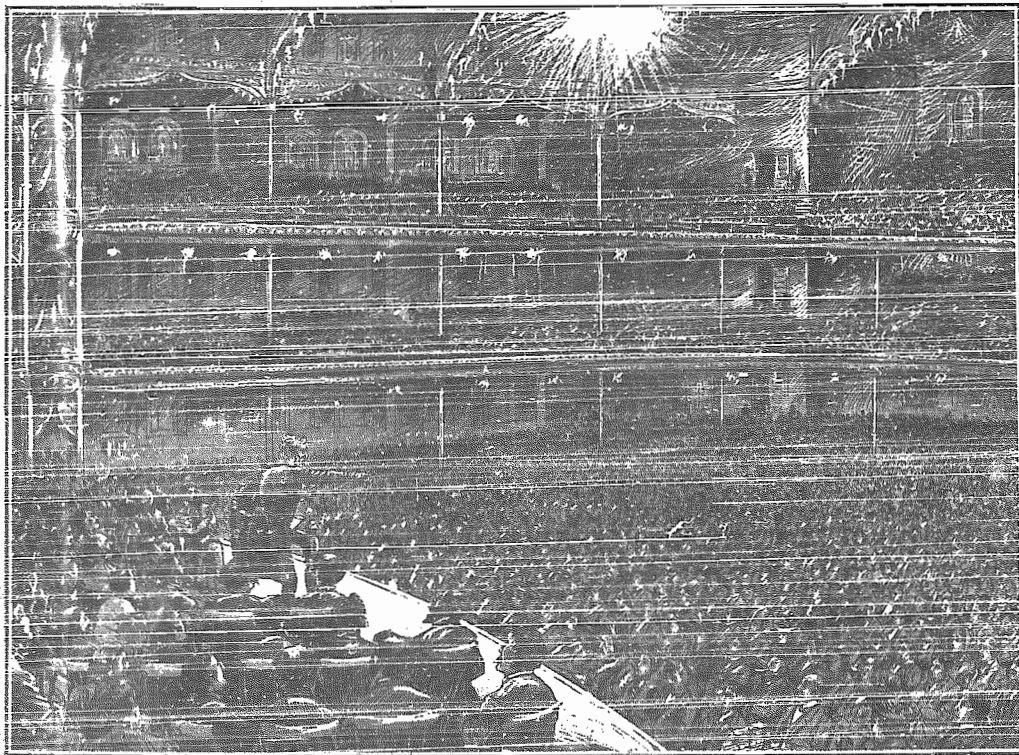
After the customary brief preliminaries the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, rose and welcomed the great Chief of Salvationism with the following remarks, which were frequently punctuated with applause and cheers:

**INTRODUCTION
BY THE
PREMIER.**

"I had the pleasure of sitting on this platform on the occasion of one of General Booth's former visits, and I well remember, with great distinctness, the manner in which he thrilled my mind with the earnestness of his speech, and with the wonderful record of a work unique in its beneficial results to the world.

"General Booth is more than an evangelist in the ordinary sense of the term; he not only tells the story of the cross, but, in a practical manner, is rescuing fallen humanity, and that is the work, perhaps, to which we devote ourselves with the least energy, and to which the General is one of the most apt and per-

(Continued on page 12.)



View of the interior of the Massey Music Hall during the General's Toronto Campaign

SLEEPING SENTINELS.

"No cheering words or fluttering flags greeted the thirty-four soldiers who arrived at Wakefield yesterday, from South Africa. They were all under sentence of imprisonment for terms varying from eighteen months to two years, and their offences were insubordination or sleeping at their posts."

Thus ran a cutting from a daily paper the other week. It took the reader's mind back to the right road, reminding him that he had forgotten others who had returned from the same war, but who had done their duty to their King and their country.



Sir Louis Davies, K.C.M.G.,
Who presided at the General's lecture
at Ottawa.

For these, there were crowds to cheer, hands to play, and "Welcome South Africa" banners on every side, the greetings of friends proud of their valor, bouquets at which prominent men would speak in their praise, and perhaps a medal at the finish.

Some of these poor fellows must have shrunk from the gaze even of the few who would look upon them as they were brought from the front, first by steamer, then by railway, and at last marched through the streets to prison, some to serve a sentence for insubordination, and others for sleeping at their posts. For these latter my heart felt sad. As we all know, the campaign in South Africa has been a bitter, trying one, and many a soldier has gone to his post after a hard day's tramp, with sometimes little or no food or drink, weary and faint. They would find the greatest difficulty in keeping a really efficient look-out, but yet the circumstances of the war demanded that a good watch should be kept. Some, alas! failed to do so; they slept at their post, and this neglect of vital duty led to their sad condemnation.

Comrades, this salvation warfare is just as real, the enemy quite as deadly, the dangers and difficulties are as trying, and the necessity for good soldiery even greater than in the case of the earthly struggle. What is more, there is the danger of a similar finish, with worse consequences, to that of the "sixty-four." God's calls are plainly given: His orders allow of no mistake. His will must be done in our law, and our greatest delight is in His service. Not one of us but wants to finish well and come out of the campaign with honor. Many have fallen, many have disobeyed, and are suffering the penalty for insubordination; many have slept at their posts. Nay, some are still sleeping.

But an awakening time is coming, and these who should have been on the alert, but who, through carelessness, a false sense of security, or carelessness, have allowed themselves to be lulled to sleep, will, with bitter regret, realize what they have done. But it will be too late; their heads will droop, shame will be upon them, and while their comrades who have fought, who have "kept up the flag," who have gone through triumpantly, are able to say, "It has been a good fight, I have finished my course, and I am ready," and will pass into the presence of the King to receive the "Well done," amid the plaudits of the nations assembled around the throne, the sleeping sentinels will be in the awful position of coming into the presence of the great Judge of all souls, with the consciousness that they have failed at their post.



The General's Letters

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

PRAYER.—No. 2.

My Dear Comrades,—

You will remember that, in speaking of prayer in my last letter, I compared it to a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and composed of seven distinct parts, which I compared to seven golden steps.

I did not say that these seven stairs represented all the important parts of prayer—far from it. Still I did not say, and do now, set them forth as being very important features, which should be diligently sought after when we go aside with God to engage in the delightful exercise of prayer.

Of the seven rounds in this wonderful ladder, I noted two in my letter.

1. The first I called "Reality," by which I meant that you were to be real and in earnest when you seek to approach God, and that you were to beware of formality.

2. The second point I noted was "Worship," by which I meant the adoration of God as your God, and thanking Him for all the blessings that are continually being bestowed upon you.

3. Now I come to the third point which I will name "petition"—that is, the presentation to God of the requests you have to make. Here I would remind you of what I might have said before, that although in praying we are talking to the greatest Being in the universe, you cannot be too simple or natural in what you have to say to Him.

He wants you to approach Him as His children, and is delighted for you to tell Him, in simplest words that you can find, all that you wish and desire, and to express your wishes and describe your needs. So do not be afraid to talk out your hearts before Him as though you were talking to a friend who understands all about you.

Some have been a little puzzled as to whether it is best to pray aloud, when we pray alone, or simply to ask with the silent inward desires of the mind. If my opinion were asked on the subject I should naturally say—In circumstances allow—use your voice. This plan seems to be favored in the Scriptures. You are to "ask and receive," and to open your mouth wide for God to fill it. And we are to be quick as the Publican in being quick to lift up his voice, or the Temple would not have heard him.

So, although I am not laying down any fixed rule, I advise that when convenient you use your voice. If for some other reason you think that the spoken prayer is most likely to help your heart by stirring up its emotions and helping its faith.

Ask Plainly.

But, my comrades, whether you raise your voice, or simply pray with the silent cry of your heart, Ask God plainly and definitely for what you want. To pray at all supposes that there is something you want God to do for you. If you don't need anything, don't pray, for unless you need something, and want God to supply that need, prayer is useless for a man and a mockery to God.

But perhaps you will say, "Why should I tell God about my needs? Does He not know all about them?" Yes, doubtless He does. He knows them a great deal better than you know them yourself. He says so. "You know the things which come into your heart, but He knows them before you ask Him."

But if you want Him to supply those needs, He has willed that you should go to His feet, and ask Him to do so. The reason why it should be so I will refer to in another letter. Meanwhile I say, bring your petitions to God and definitely and boldly present them.

(a) Ask for the supply of what you need for yourself.

For you body, that it may be fed and clothed and generally cared for. If you are in health, ask Him to keep you well. If you are sick, ask Him to heal you. If you are weak, ask Him to supply the need of your mind, and of your heart. You will be sure every day to have some joy or some sorrow, some hope or some fear. Tell Him about it. Whichever it may be, bring it before Him.

be, bring it before your Lord, seek His aid, and you will be pleased to help Him, if you will. Him to supply your family needs. Those nearest to us by earthly relationship have the first claim on our sympathy and intercession at the throne. When my dear wife was alive, her name was ever the first to come from my lips at that sacred hour.

Then, the children will come along. They ever bring love and joy with them; and all the way, till you lay them in the grave, or until they lay you there, they bring care and anxiety as well. With some it is more, and with others less; but, in any case, they will furnish an object for your intercession at the throne of Grace.

Day by day, when bowed before my Heavenly Father, I bring my children before Him. Running through their names, one by one, including the husbands, or wives, and children of those who are married, spreading out their needs at the hour, so far as I know them.

Ties of Flesh First Claim.

It will be so with you, my comrades. These bound most closely to us by the ties of flesh and blood must have a first claim on our hearts when we have access to the Holy Place.

(c) After your family will come your comrades. Your officers, with any particular difficulties with which they may be battling; your corps, with its warfare against the devil and sin; and your comrades all have a claim on your prayers that you cannot pass by.

In my private devotions I usually pass from my relations according to the flesh, to my brothers and sisters according to the Spirit, and in order that I may not leave any out I take them rank by rank, beginning with the Commissioners and finishing up with the soldiers—any, for the hearers as well, who sit unweary in our barracks. I am not happy unless I feel I have embraced every department of the war, and everyone engaged in it. Do you suppose I could forget the poor sinners of your own particular neighborhood, nor the heathen crowds amongst whom our precious flag flies. Somebody should plead for them. Why not you?

I was reading only to-day of a very poor woman who sat in the back seat of the meeting, of whom nobody took much notice, and for whom nobody seemed to care. But she was well-saved and loved God and saints. It was her custom to pick up some young man who occasionally came to the place, and pray for his conversion until she had the joy of seeing him saved. By persevering in this course, it was found on her dying bed that twenty men had been brought to the faith, and made into faithful soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Then there is the world at large, and other matters connected with the world, upon which I pray every day, which will call for your prayers. Oh, my comrades, you must pray!

4. I now come to the fourth step in my golden stair, and that is, your prayer must be offered in the Saviour's name. Your prayers should be especially presented to our Heavenly Father, but they should be presented in the name of Jesus Christ your Saviour, and the answer requested and expected for His dear sake.

When you see the force of this arrangement, you will see how it may be tried and illustrated to you. Here is a father, we will suppose, who has a son whom he values very highly. The son goes off to a distant land, and some time afterwards the father, where he forms a friendship for some other young man. This friend falls ill, and he nurses him back to life, in doing so he contracts the disease, which proves fatal. On his dying bed he says to his friend, "I am dying, I cannot stay to help you, as my heart would wish, in the trials which will come upon you as you travel through life. But when difficulties arise, you must appeal to my father. He loves me so much, He is

rich, and for my sake he will help you."

So, my comrades, Jesus Christ loves you, and gave His life for you even unto death. His Father loves Him, and when you want help you have the privilege of mentioning His name, and for His sake God will answer your prayers.

Here is another illustration which will help some who may read this letter better to understand why they should present their petitions in the name of our dear Saviour. An old-fashioned writer says, "I feel that I put my prayer into Jesus Christ's hands."

"When you send your prayers to heaven, be sure and direct them to the care of your Redeemer, and then they will never miscarry."

Another says: "When I ask my Father to receive my prayer through Jesus Christ my Lord, I feel that I put my prayer into Jesus Christ's hands."

Suppose you had to draw up a petition to the King, and you had never seen or owned a king, and you were afraid of making twenty blunders. But suppose the Prince of Wales said to you, "Put it into my hands, and what is wrong I will put out, and what is wanting I will put in, and I will put my own seal to it, and I will present it for you to my father, the King." Would not a petition drawn up in that way, and presented after that fashion, be likely to gain the attention of the King?

Now, when I present my requests to God, imperfect and ignorant as I am, I am likely to pray for twenty wrong things; Christ gives me permission to put them into His hands, and He puts all the blunders out, and puts in what is right, and puts His own name to it, and presents it to His Father.

Comrades, pray on, pray more than ever, and offer your prayers in the name of Jesus Christ, and He will put them right, and present them to His Father, the King of Kings.

EUROPEAN ARMY NEWS.

Italy.

Major Thonon, who, for a time was in charge of the troops in the country, has visited the different posts on a special mission. Everywhere he was welcomed as an old friend, and he was able to note an increase in spirituality and a general progress all round.

Sergeant-Major Mollet, who is indefatigable in his travelling missionary work, has decided to take his residence in Turin during the next winter. From there he will visit the different corps with his inseparable lantern.

Sweden.

Commissioner Ouchterloney who, as he is a strength permits, has been conducting a campaign in Sweden, is shortly to visit Finland for the purpose of a soul-saving tour. Although the Commissioner had a good deal to do with the opening of Finland, some ago, she has never before visited the "Land of a Thousand Lakes."

Switzerland.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has conducted important councils of officers in the strength permits. Everywhere there is a revival of the blood-and-fire spirit of former times.

Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg seems to be, but slowly, on the way to recovery. Yet it is expected she will soon be able to resume her work.

Colonel Covarrs, the new General Secretary, has taken possession of his office. Important meetings of welcome were held in different places.

A Woman's Shelter has been opened at the same place, to give accommodation to a large number of poor and unfortunate women.

The Swiss Self-Denial Week began on Oct. 26th, and promises for a successful effort are bright. A deaconess in Basle, although not a soldier, has already written to the effect

CORPS BULLETINS

Farwell.

Billings—Capt and Mrs. Tacey and Cadet Robinson have farwelled, after a short, but successful, stay here, and we have welcomed Capt. Galt and Cadet McQuerry. We had good meetings yesterday, and a backslider came back to God. We intend to push the war and are believing for victory.—A Comrade.

Deliverance from Sin.

Botwoodville.—Again we can report victory. The ranks of the enemy have been broken and the foe put to rout. On Sunday night we were led to rejoice over two souls being delivered from the bondage of sin.—S. French, Lieut.

A Successful Term.

Bridgewater.—After a stay of six months, Capt. Vandine and Lieut. McLennan have said good-bye to the soldiers and friends of the Army in Bridgewater. They were much respected for their labor, being hard workers for the Master. They were successful in reaching their Harvest Festival and Self-Denial targets. The farwelled meeting on Sunday night was a time long to be remembered. The hall was filled. The Captain read from God's Word and gave a splendid address, and Lieut. McLennan, the midget, sang a beautiful solo. May God wonderfully bless the labors of these officers in their next appointment.—Sergt-Major.



Adj. Jennings,
in charge of Halifax Corps and District.

Six at the Mercy-Seat.

Battle.—Since last report we have had the joy of seeing six souls at the mercy seat, who have proved the power of God to save from sin. Many more are under conviction. Our H. F. target has been more than reached. Under the command of Capt. Hurst and Lieut. Knudson, we are in for victory.—David Rule.

Good Meetings—Three Souls.

Eastport.—We have had to say good-bye to our officers, whom we will miss very much. We have welcomed Ensign Andrews and Lieut. Holden, and with such leaders we believe we shall win. We had good meetings all day on Sunday, and wound up with three at the penitent form. God has been blessing us very much.—C. A. Gliman.

Fourteen Souls.

Hamilton.—We have been stationed here about two weeks, and during that time have seen ten out for salvation and four for sanctification. We have had some splendid times and good meetings. We are now farwelling and will be in attendance at the Anniversary Council in a few days, where we expect to meet with our beloved General and have a unique time.—Jas. Marshall, Capt.

Saved and Sanctified.

Hamilton, Ber.—We can still report victory. God is blessing us, the war is going on, and souls are being saved. Since last report we have had the joy of seeing three souls seek God for salvation and three for sanctification. God is proving His power to save and to keep from sin. We mean to fight the battle to the end.—C. C.

Salvation Breezes Blow.

Heart's Delight.—Since last report we have had some good times. On Sunday, at eleven o'clock, the winds of salvation began to blow. In the afternoon they still kept rising, at seven the waves swept over our souls, and it was good to be there. Visitors from different parts were present, among the number being Bro. Temple, from White Bay, whose talk was much appreciated. We are believing for great victories.—Bertha Crocker.

God Answers Prayer.

Medicine Hat.—Although the devil tries to keep us down, and does all in his power to induce men and women to bow the knee to him, yet he has been gloriously defeated, and two souls have knelt at the mercy seat. Praise the Lord! God will surely answer prayer. "Give us more souls," is our prayer.—C. B. S.

Wept His Way to Jesus.

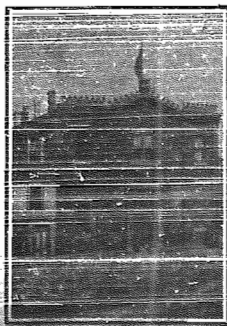
Missoula.—Since last report three precious souls have volunteered for the Master's Kingdom. One, who was very deep in sin, has taken a bold stand for the Master, and carries the flag, and testifies to the saving and keeping power of God. Capt. Galt has been alone for some time. She worked hard and faithfully and raised her H. F. target, when farwelled orders came to go to Billings. We are sorry to lose her. Capt. and Mrs. Brown have come to lead on the forces. May God bless their efforts, and grant that many souls may be won for the Kingdom. Bro. and Sister Tritt, from Dillon, have been with us for a few days, and we enjoyed their music very much. One poor backslider wept his way to the cross. Praise the Lord!—J. H. F. R. C.

Signal Service.

Neopawa.—Ensign Mercer, the G. B. M. Agent, has paid us a visit. His lantern service, entitled, "Home, Sweet Home," was much enjoyed by all. On Saturday night Ensign Smith gave his Flag and fire signal service. He also conducted the meetings on Sunday. At night God came in power, and two sisters and one brother sought salvation. On Monday night a sister gave her heart to God.—Correspondent.

One Came to Jesus.

New Westminster.—We have just arrived at New Westminster, the city on the great salmon-fishing river—the Fraser. The work is going along nicely. We found the soldiers a warm-hearted people. The Army has also



N. S. A. Barracks, Halifax, N.S.

many friends here. The meetings are good, one soul came to Jesus in our Sunday night meeting, and others are under conviction. God help them to yield soon. We are in for victory.—Capt. and Mrs. H. Stevens.



Ensign and Mrs. Bless, Ottawa.

Good Soldiers.

North Sydney.—After the officers farwelled we did our best, by God's help, until the new officers arrived. We spoke, prayed and sang, and also scrubbed, and we had our barracks bright and clean for the new officers. On Friday night Sergt-Major Way led the meeting, and in the midst of it who should walk in but our War Cry boomer, Lieut. White. She was on her way to the old historic town of Louisburg, where many of our forefathers fought and conquered. On Saturday evening Capt. Parsons appeared on the scene, and on Sunday afternoon he was assisted by Mrs. Parsons. In this meeting one young woman sought and found the Saviour, and at the night meeting an elderly gentleman came to Jesus. Praise God, the revival has started.—Treas.

Two Young Men Volunteered.

Ogdensburg.—We had a blessed time at the farwelled of Lieut. Duncan. A powerful address was given by Bro. Hargrave, of Prescott, on the words, "Shall we continue in sin?" The Lieutenant also made an earnest appeal to the unsaved, and two young men volunteered for God and the Kingdom. We all joined hands and sang, "I'll be true to the Christ of Calvary."—One who was there.

Fish for the Target.

Paradise Sound.—The people of Paradise Sound are very liberal to give for the Kingdom's sake. After each soldier had given their own personal target for H. F. and the corps target was not reached, we tried another plan. (Captains and myself went around the place and collected as much fish as we could take home, sold them, and raised the amount. God bless the givers.—S. Monk, Secy.

A New Barracks.

Spokane.—We have been working at a disadvantage on account of not having been able to secure a suitable hall. For the past few months we have held our meetings in a tent, and although the weather is fine during certain hours of the day, yet in the early part of the morning, and after 6 p.m., it is very cold. We have had some splendid times in our tent meetings, and now, through the untiring efforts of Ensign Larder, we have secured a hall that will hold more people than any we have occupied for years. We are believing it will be the birth-place of many precious souls. We move in on Nov. 1st, and an important farwelled takes place at the opening, the particulars of which we will report later.—Joe, R.C.

Able to Save.

Wisdom.—We praise God for victory. We have proved He is still able to save. Four souls have sought salvation since last report. We are going in for greater things, and believing to see more souls brought to the Saviour.—Dale.

Rejoicing Over Five Souls.

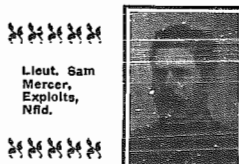
Winnipeg.—God has wonderfully helped us and we have had the joy of seeing five souls seeking His pardon. On Sunday we had a wonderful time. From early morning the presence of God was very much felt, and after a heart-searching talk from Ensign Slote and a well-fought prayer meeting on Sunday night, one soul yielded. Conviction reigned deep in many hearts, which was proven on the Tuesday night, when four souls sought God. The throngs have been excited of late, and the crowds are increasing right along. Everyone is full of anticipation and faith, and excitement runs high for the coming visit of our beloved leader and General. We are expecting the biggest time that Winnipeg ever saw.—Shin-er.

Wedding at Vancouver.

Wednesday evening, the 22nd of October, will be long remembered, not only by the two particular actors in the important event that took place, but by all present. The seating capacity of the hall was taxed to its utmost by the many friends and acquaintances of the happy pair who were about to be united in the bonds of matrimony in regular Salvation Army style.

Adj. R. Smith, the groom, needs no introduction. The many years he has been in the Army, and his faithful work and devoted zeal is a matter of history. The happy bride, Lieut. Connon, is well known in this vicinity as a true soldier of the cross, and we believe that while they have been made a blessing in the past, the Lord has still greater things in store for them in the future.

The bride and groom were assisted by Capt. Darrah and Lieut. McDonald. Major Hargrave officiated in tying the knot that binds. Adj. Hay assisted in the meeting. Guests from Victoria, Nanaimo, New Westminster, Whistler, and Mt. Vernon were also present, and ably helped to make the occasion a success and a blessing. After the meeting officers and comrades gathered to a hall especially prepared, where two long rows of tables were spread with the many good things that tempt the palate and go to strengthen the inner man. After going to the tables, the speeches were made by our worthy Provincial Officer, and others, the principal theme, of course, being happy married life. Strange to say, the newly-married couple seemed to perfectly agree with the older ones, and were brimful of hope that their happiness would continue, and that as their whole life was given up to God, He, in His wise providence, would keep them.



Lieut. Sam
Mercer,
Exploits,
Nfld.

All the officers, comrades, and friends deserve credit for the way they worked to make everything a success. Adj. Stevens and Capt. Charlton truly deserve special mention.

Adj. and Mrs. Smith have our prayers and good wishes that their happiness may be complete in Him who has called them to do the noble work they are engaged in. Time and space forbid me doing justice to the occasion, and to those who participated in this happy event.

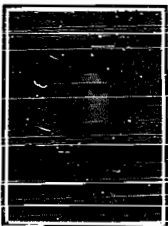
OUR BOOMERS' HONOR ROLL

Bravo, Lieut. Forsberg!—Sad Fall
Down East—Nigger's Training—
Where are the Cadets?—
Bermuda's Good name—
Newfoundland's Bad
Luck.

Bravo, Lieut. Forsberg! You are
no less than 196 ahead of the next
hustler.

My old friend, Capt. Long, is such
a familiar figure at Skagway that the
place will seem lost when she leaves
it.

Another sad decline. The East goes
down one this week. This continual
dropping will wear away the stone!



Lieut. Forsberg.

The noted Winnipeg War Cry Boomer,
who beat Lieut. Carrell!

The Central is keeping well to the
front these days. Ah, there's good
stuff in Nigger. He's come through the
fire of force opposition, he has,
and it's made a great difference in
his style. You're all right there.

I miss the eager face of the Cadets
this week. They pass my house fre-
quently with their bundle of War Crys.
How I wish they'd knock at the door
and give me a chance to encourage
them by buying one from them.

It does me good to see the way the
Bermudians push the Cry. Their
names appear regularly on the list,
and I look for them with interest.

Just to think that the War Crys
that come off our presses reach Daw-
son City, in the cold, cold north, as
well as sunny Bermuda. If the Cry's
had the opportunity of choosing their
destination, I wonder which of the
two places would get the preference.

Newfoundland is just one behind
the Pacific. Brigadier Smetson would
have got a move on somewhere if he'd
only known of it in time. Moral: Get
all the hustlers you can, anyhow.

Eastern Province.

129 Hustlers.

Lieut. Moore, North Sydney	215
S.M. Veinot, Halifax I.	150
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John I.	150
Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	136
Capt. Redmond, Bermuda	130
Sergt. Ledstone, Glace Bay	130
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	128
Mrs. Adj. Byers, Charlottetown	111
Lieut. Newell, Carleton	110
Lieut. Hilditch, Essequibo	110
Lieut. Corkum, St. John I.	110
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, North Sydney	106
Capt. Hebb, Bermuda	103
Mrs. Dunn, Yarmouth	100
Lieut. White, Lunenburg	100
Capt. Hawbold, Halifax I.	100
Mrs. Adj. Crichton, Bermuda	100
P. S. M. Flood, Bermuda	100
Jessie Irons, Windsor	100
Mrs. Eva Robinson, Amherst	100
Lieut. Brace, Westville	100
C.O. Bishop, Woodstock	100
Lieut. Thistle, Calais	100
Capt. Payne, Bermuda	100
Sergt. Seelig, Halifax I.	93
Lieut. Clark, Sackville	85
Capt. Prince, Bermuda	80
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	80
Mrs. Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	80
Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	80
Lieut. Long, Campbellton	50

Capt. Lorimer, Calais	77
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	77
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex	73
William Jennings, Bermuda	70
Capt. Lobas, Sydney Mines	70
Mrs. Adj. Hunter, Bermuda	70
Capt. Leadley, Chatham	70
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Lieut. Elliott, Newcastle	60
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	60
Ensign Williams, Springhill Mines	60
Mrs. Eva Thompson, St. John I.	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Florence Murphy, St. John I.	60
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	58
Lieut. Fawson, Charlottetown	57
Cand. Brewer, Halifax I.	57
Sergt. Jones, Halifax I.	55
Lieut. Cuthbert, Fairville	55
Capt. March, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Weakley, Liverpool	55
Ensign Peckwood, Bermuda	55
Adj. Wiggins, Yarmouth	50
Sergt. Woods, Chatham	50
Capt. Green, Houlton	50
Eliza Wenneit, Houlton	50
Julia Lidstone, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Hamilton, Summerside	50
Lieut. Barnard, Summerside	50
Capt. Ebsary, Truro	50
Lieut. White, Truro	50
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	50
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	50
Sergt. MacIsaac, St. John I.	50
Capt. Tatum, Moncton	50
Julia Cunningham, Yarmouth	42
Cadet Lee, St. John V.	42
Capt. Murchough, St. John V.	48
Capt. Richards, Essequibo	45
Sister Till, Fredericton	44
Sergt. Marshall, Digby	44
Sergt. Dinic, Glace Bay	49
Sister Quinn, Glace Bay	49
Sergt. Virgil, Bermuda	40
Lieut. McCallan, Stellarton	40
Capt. Mercer, Annapolis	40
Capt. Pemberton, Annapolis	40
Capt. Melvor, North Head	40
Capt. Netting, Windsor	35
Capt. Long, Halifax I.	35
Sergt. Fitch, Bermuda	35
Cand. Murray, New Glasgow	35
Lieut. W. Dartmouth	35
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	30
Capt. Kiv, Dartmouth	30
Sergt. McIvor, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Murtough, Canning	30
Lieut. Whales, Canning	30
Sergt. Bur, Bermuda	30
Lieut. Ogilvie, Springhill	30
Sergt. Hill, Bermuda	30
Sergt. Fraser, Halifax I.	30
Ray Jarvis, Halifax I.	30
Lieut. Steward, Freeport	30
Capt. Munro, E. Bridgetown	30
P. S. M. Jackson, Annapolis	25
C. McEachern, Charlottetown	25
Adj. Byers, Charlottetown	25
Capt. Greenland, Clark's Harbor	25
Sergt. Morrison, Bermuda	25
Sergt. Jones, Bermuda	25
Cadet Leach, Digby	25
John McPherson, Glace Bay	25
Bro. Church, Bermuda	25
Sergt. Smith, Bermuda	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25

Sister Kelley, Chatham	25
Willie Turner, St. John V.	25
Capt. McWilliams, St. Stephen	25
Lieut. Rudland, St. Stephen	25
Capt. McEachern, Kentville	20
Sergt. Bensley, New Glasgow	20
Aggie Murphy, Windsor	20
Bessie Sharp, Windsor	20
Amie Ramney, Windsor	20
Mrs. Snow, Halifax I.	20
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	20
C.O. Godsoe, Moncton	20
Ensign Knight, St. John I.	20
S.M. Kent, Bear River	20
Bro. Ranshaw, St. John I.	20
Capt. Hudson, Dominion	20

Central Ontario Province.

81 Hustlers.

Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie	100
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	89
Capt. Culbert, Oranville	75
Capt. Downey, Sudbury	75
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury	75
Adj. DeaBrisey, Bracebridge	70
Lieut. Clark, Devereaux	70
Sergt. Major, Ravenna, Newmarket	66
Capt. Flett, Brampton	66
Sergt. Slater, Barrie	66
Sister Mary Andrews, Temple	62
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	62
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	51
Treas. Moffit, Riverside	51
Capt. Stewart, Yorkville	51
Ensign Smith, Barrie	55
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	55
John Donaldson, Lippincott	55
S.M. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	55
Ensign Hanna, Dundas St.	50
Ensign Stalger, Owen Sound	50
C.O. Sheardson, E. Essex	50
Cand. E. Meader, North Bay	50
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	50
Sergt. Annie Boulton, Temple	50
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	45
Cand. Nellie Glanville, Bowmanville	45
C.O. Edie Cornell, Lindsay	45
Sergt. Dickson, Dundas	42
Lieut. Minnis, Riverside	40
Sergt. Mrs. Stacey, Temple	40
Adj. McAmmond, Temple	40
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville	39
Capt. Stickle, Sturgeon Falls	38
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls	37
Dad Dixon, Temple	37
Maud Hatter, Orillia	35
Capt. Rose, Orillia	35
S.M. Hinton, Oakville	35
Lieut. Osakokeshig, Little Current	35
Capt. Gayer, Little Current	34
Bro. Sparks, Temple	30
Sergt. Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar St.	32
Lieut. Courtenanche, Uxbridge	32
Capt. Oke, Uxbridge	31
Lizzie Bradley, Temple	30
Capt. McCann, Burke's Falls	30
Lieut. Jones, Burke's Falls	30
Ensign Stirling, Midland	30
Capt. Huskinson, Midland	30
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls	30
Capt. Kivell, Fenelon Falls	30
Capt. Williams, Brooklin	30
Sergt. Mrs. Lippincott, Barrie	30
Capt. Griffith, Barrie	30
Adj. Marekell, Barrie	30
Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Stickle, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. Welby, Onemee	27

Capt. Nelson, Kilmount	27
Mrs. W. W. Kingston	26
Alice Ebsary, Lippincott	26
Capt. Bone, Ahmic Harbor	26
Lieut. Crandell, Aurora	26
Capt. McLennan, Aurora	25
Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	25
S.M. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	25
Adj. Bala, Lisgar St.	25
Slater Hutchison, Esther St.	20
Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	20
E. Moore, Fenelon Falls	20
C.O. Nellie Richards, Lindsay	20
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	20
S.M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Lily Stenden, Bracebridge	20
J. Meneseno, Chesley	20
Mrs. Campbell, Chesley	20
Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	20
S.M. McHenry, Lisgar St.	20

East Ontario Province.

64 Hustlers.

Sergt. Major Dudley, Ottawa	140
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	130
Mrs. Egan, Kingston	120
Lieut. Duncan, Kingston	120
Sergt. Morris, Montreal I.	120
Lieut. Brimmon, Quebec	100
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	94
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	82
Sergt. Yencour, Montreal I.	75
Capt. Green, Dorval	75
Capt. Ash, Sherbrook	75
Capt. Wilson, Belleville	75
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	75
Mrs. Capt. Fougier, Brockville	70
Sergt. Leach, Montreal I.	70
Adj. Moore, Peterboro	62
Ensign Bliss, Ottawa	67
Capt. O'Neill, Perth	65
Capt. Parsons, Napanee	60
Lieut. Mathews, Peterboro	58
Capt. Bloss, Barre	55
Ensign Gammeidge, Arnprior	55
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	52
Capt. Clark, Campbellford	55
Capt. Parsons, Peterboro	55
Lieut. Carpenter, Sherbrooke	50
Lieut. Rutledge, Morrisburg	50
Adj. McNamara, Kingston	50
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	50
Capt. Cassin, Newport	50
Capt. Croco, Montreal I.	50
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal I.	50
Lieut. Fulford, Belleville	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Lieut. Gates, Gananoque	50
Lieut. O'Brien, Gananoque	50
C.O. Casselman, Campbellford	45
Capt. Fougier, Brockville	45
Sergt. Stone, Peterboro	40
Maggie Little, Newport	40
Adj. Kendall, Burlington	40
Capt. Lifford, Millbrook	38
Mrs. Capt. Brimmon, Port Hope	38
Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall	35
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	32
Dad Green, Peterboro	30
Lieut. Grainger, Kemptville	30
Lieut. Seward, Kemptville	30
Sergt. Morse, Newport	30
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Rice, Morrisburg	25
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	25
Sergt. Ross, Barton, Brockville	25
Slater MacIsaac, Montreal I.	25
C.O. Lewis, Ottawa	21
Ada Cousineau, Ottawa	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
C.O. Proctor, Cornwall	20
Mrs. Ding, Kingston	20
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	20
P. S. M. Marshall, Montreal I.	20
C.O. Sherwood, Millbrook	20
Capt. Brimmon, Port Hope	20

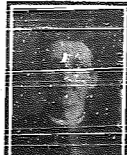
North-West Province.

41 Hustlers.

Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg	406
Sergt. Halford, Winnipeg	101
Lieut. Peggins, Jamestown	100
Mrs. Ensign Stalger, Port Arthur	86
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Nat. Portage	80
Capt. Charlton, Portage la Prairie	56
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Calgary	80
Jessie Scott, Winnipeg	75
Capt. McKay, Moorhead	75
Lieut. Eastman, Fargo	75
Mrs. Capt. Swain, Devil's Lake	74
Ensign Hayes, Fargo	72
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Grand Forks	70
Lieut. A. Cooke, Medicine Hat	68
Lieut. Irwin, Edmonton	66
Lieut. Kearns, Minn.	66
Lieut. Pearce, Moose Jaw	66
Lieut. Miller, Valley City	60



The Central is keeping ahead of the Ontario trio. There is good stuff in Nigger.



Capt. Harman, Ridgetown, Ont.



Lieut. Ellis, Ridgetown, Ont.



Capt. Haugen, Prince Albert	60
Lieut. Lewis, Grand Forks	52
Ensign Green, Lethbridge	50
Capt. Meyers, Grafton	45
Capt. Askins, Souris	40
Lieut. Nuttall, Larimore	40
Capt. Forsberg, Bismarck	40
Capt. Anderson, Edmonton	35
Mrs. Looman, Fort William	35
Lieut. McLaren, Grafton	35
Lieut. Tinsman, Dauphin	30
Lieut. Gardner, Hannah	30
Lieut. Wiley, Regina	29
Capt. Habbirk, Fort William	28
Capt. Morris, Mooseomin	27
Lieut. Johnson, Greenwood	27
Capt. Brandner, Regina	25
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	25
Lieut. Custer, Lethbridge	22
Capt. Oxenfield, Carberry	22
Ensign McWilliams, Winnipeg	20
Lieut. Mansell, Selkirk	20

Pacific Province.

34 Hustlers.	
Cadet Robinson, Billings	130
Capt. Hursi, Butte	128
Sister Wright, Victoria	125
Cadet Knudson, Butte	100
Capt. Heater, New Westminster	100
Adjt. Stevens, Vancouver	90
Lieut. Johnson, Greenwood	90
Mrs. Hooker, Spokane	88
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	85
Ensign Scott, Everett	69
Capt. Darrah, Whatcom	65
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, Rossland	65
Lieut. Sutherland, Whatcom	65
Sister B. Coen, Everett	64
Capt. Johnson, Nanaimo	55
Mrs. Brown, Nelson	55
Cadet Brett, Nanaimo	50
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Lewiston	50
Capt. Revelstoke	50
Cadet McCormick, Revelstoke	50
Mrs. Qualie, Fernie	43
Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	42
Capt. Charlton, Vancouver	40
Ensign Sheard, Fernie	37
Lieut. McDonald, Mt. Vernon	30
Sergt. Norbury, Spokane	25
Mrs. Tritt, Spokane	25
Sergt. Howlman, Victoria	25
Cadet Massey, Victoria	25
Mrs. Uran, Rossland	25
Cadet Richard, Dillon	25
Capt. Jackson, Lewiston	25
Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	25
Florrie Fogie, Nelson	20

Newfoundland Province.

33 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Harris, St. John's I.	105
S.-M. Waitson, St. John's I.	90
Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	85
Capt. Ritchie, St. John's I.	70
Lieut. Metcalf, St. John's I.	60
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	55
Lieut. Harding, Bay Roberts	45
Lieut. Blackmore, Tilt Cove	45
S.-M. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	45
Lieut. Palmer, St. John's I.	40
Mrs. Capt. Moulton, Dildo	40
Cadet Graves, St. John's I.	35
Cadet Brington, St. John's I.	35
P. S. M. Bennett, Fortune	35
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	25
J. S. S.-M. Adey, Clarendville	25
C.O. Esle Abbott, Doting Cove	25
Lieut. Locke, Clark's Beach	25
Sergt. J. Ach, Harbor Grace	25
Lieut. James, Musgrave town	22
Sergt. Crocker, Heart's Delight	22
Capt. Hiscock, Westville	21
Capt. Barton, Gambo	20
Maud Ball, Bonne Bay	20
S.-M. Green, Arnold's Cove	20
Virnie Power, Bonavista	20
Mrs. Leavitt, Channel	20

Adjt. Ogilvie, St. John's I.	20
Sergt. Carter, St. John's I.	20
Bro. B. Peckham, St. John's I.	20
Capt. Hebditch, Shearstown	20
Sergt. Major Ash, Carbonear	20
Capt. Ford, Old Perlican	20

The Klondike.
1 Hustler.

Capt. J. E. Long, Skagway	198
---------------------------	-----

RIVERSIDE REVIVED.

Territorial Training Home Staff and Cadets at Toronto V.

The week-end to be spent at Riverside by the T. H. Cadets had been the talk among them for a long time, and their appetites were whetted for a good feast, neither were they disappointed. Why should they be? They carried fire with them, and mingled with the fire already kindled, a big blaze was produced.

The boys' Cadets did Saturday night's meeting, and their enthusiasm knew no bounds. They had what might be termed an "explosive" meeting, it being happy and free in the extreme. One soul at the close pleaded the Cadets very much.

"Hark! I hear the strains of music," says a resident of Sherbourne St., "what can it be at this early hour?" A look out solved the mystery. The Training Home band was out for the first time, and did their best, bringing out some creditable music. Some of the boys can take our readers almost to the exact spot where they played their first note that morning.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanton were the leaders of the day's battle, assisted by Adjt. Scarr and the lassie Cadets, who, in addition to the lads, made a very formidable force. A large open-air commences the day, followed by the holiness meeting inside. God's presence was felt in both and His blessing was not withheld.

The afternoon being given up to the Cadets for short introductory speeches; they made the most of it, much to the interest of the audience. Adjt. Scarr read the Word with effect. The crowd was good in the afternoon, but the night collapsed all. God came especially near and two seekers

gladdened our hearts. The Word of God was expounded by the Staff-Captain in the morning and Mrs. Stanton at night. God used them to bless and help the listeners, the real effect of which only eternity will reveal.

The Cadets fought well, and their first Sunday at Riverside was much enjoyed. The good things so kindly provided to sustain the body were most appreciated.

What shall I say of Monday night? The East End was stirred—very much so. An international meeting had been announced, therefore the Army's world-wide work was represented by different speakers in native costume. People were much interested, and at the close five sought God's grace.

The Cadets had been studying in their F. O. about how to have a hal-lu-cin-ous night to a meeting, and Monday night they saw it put in practice. Nobody could gainsay the fact that they knew how to do it well. Everybody was rejoiced with the success of the week-end. Ensign Hyde (generous soul that he is) was all smiles. The finances were excellent, and Riverside got quite a stirring-up. The Cadets all say, "God bless the East End," and look forward to a return visit.—C. A. Ferry, Adjt.

WELL WORTH KNOWING.

To take rust from steel cover with sweet oil; let it lie a day or two, then polish with unslaked lime.

A pleasant household deodorizer is made of burning spirits of lavender over lumps of bicarbonate of ammonia.

A heavy broom should always be selected in preference to a light one for thorough sweeping, as the weight aids in the process.

Bamboo furniture may best be cleaned with a small brush dipped in warm water and salt, as the salt prevents it turning yellow. The same treatment should be given to Japanese and Indian matting used as floor covering.

Milk is an excellent substitute for soap in washing dishes. It not only softens the hardest water, and gives dishes a clear, polished look, but it prevents the hands from chapping. It also prevents a greasy scum from appearing on the top of the water.

To take grease out of wall paper, mix pipe clay with water to the consistency of cream, spread it on the spot and leave it until the next day, when it may easily be brushed or scraped off. If the grease has not disappeared entirely repeat the process.

When the handles of steel knives become loose, or come off, they can be easily mended with resin. Pour a few powdered resin into the handle of the knife, then heat the part of the knife which fits into the handle until it is red hot, and then thrust it quickly into the handle, and when it is cool the handle will be found to be firmly fixed on.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:
We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and return them to their homes, or any one in difficulty. Address: Correspondence, please send to the Editor, The Star, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. "Enquiry" on the telephone. Fully cents should be sent, if possible, the collection and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

4037. GREY, CLARENCE, sometimes goes by the name CHARLES HENDERSON. About 28 years of age, height 6 feet, dark hair and eyes. Left Niagara St., Toronto, about eleven years ago. From there he went to Manitoba. Friends anxious.

4038. BUCKENHAM, GEORGE. Age 29 years, rather dark, very slim. Left England by the S.S. Tuslane last March for Vancouver, B.C. May have gone to Seattle. Mother very anxious.

4040. GIBSON THOMAS. Age 37. Born in Ontario, Ont. Married. Was at one time Cadet in the Social Work, Toronto. Light hair, blue eyes, rather short-sighted. Last heard of in 1888.

(Second Insertion.)

4035. BURWELL, REGINALD LEE. Age 15, brown hair, blue eyes, height 5 ft. 4 in., near-sighted, wears glasses, small scar on the top of his head. Anyone knowing of him whereabouts or kindly write to the above address. A. M. Bake, Fingal, Ont., as he is wanted in connection with his share in some property. The informant will be suitably rewarded. 10.10.63.

4036. KENNEDY, N. J. W. H. Height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 170 pounds, blue eyes, light complexion, curly auburn hair, red left Winnipeg for Brandon, Man., two years ago. It will be to his advantage to write to the above address.

Women's Social Work.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will all those who desire to enter as officers of the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work, write for full particulars to Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Albert St., Toronto.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Kindly send all donations or subscriptions for the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work to Miss Booth, Albert St., Toronto, or to any of the following addresses.
Kindly state for which branch your gift is intended.

Rescue Homes, Children's Homes, and Hospitals.

Toronto, Ont., 210 Yonge St. Ensign Lowrie.

London, Ont., Riverview Ave. Adjt. McDonald.

Winnipeg, 486 Young St. Adjt. Kerr.

St. John, N.B., 35 St. James St. Adjt. Holman.

Montreal, Que., 243 St. Antoine St. Adjt. Ellery.

Halifax, N.S., 71 Windsor St. Mrs. Ensign Payne.

St. John's, Nfld., 25 Cook St. Ensign Hall.

Ottawa, Ont., 121 Daly Ave. Ensign Hicks.

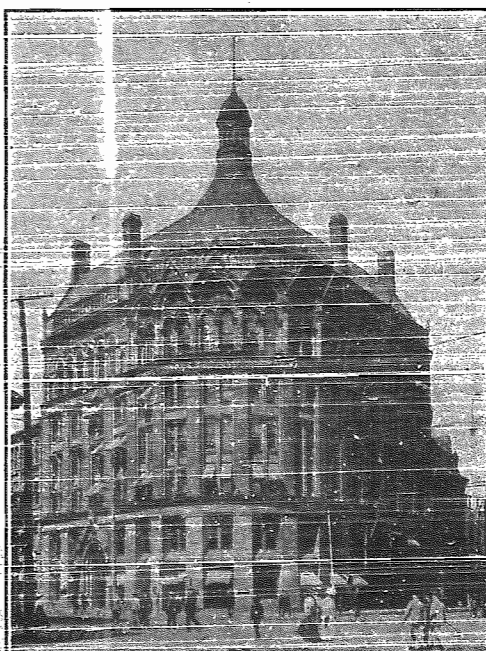
Hamilton, Ont., 119 Wentworth St. Capt. Broster.

Butte, Mont., 306 W. Broadway. Capt. Barie.

Spokane, Wash., 739 S. Chandler St. Staff-Capt. Jess.

Vancouver, B.C., 785 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.

Toronto, Ont., 68 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.



Board of Trade Building, Toronto.

ORIGINAL SONGS

BY COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tune.—Down where the living waters flow.

Oh, happy, happy day,
When old things passed away,
Down where the Saviour died for me!
I felt my sins forgiven,
And got a sight of heaven,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Chorus.

There, where the Saviour died for me,
There, where the Saviour died for me,
I see the cleansing flow,
It washes white as snow,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

I laid my burden down,
And started for the crown,
There, where the Saviour died for me,
My chains are broke at last,
My sins behind Him cast,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

'Twas there I learnt to pray,
And found the narrow way,
There, where the Saviour died for me,
I saw His blessed face,
And joined the heavenly race,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

He wiped away my tears,
And drove away my fears,
There, where the Saviour died for me,
He whispered, "Go in peace,"
And bade my struggles cease,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

He stilled the tempest wild,
And said, "Fear not, my child,"
There, where the Saviour died for me,
He gave me rest within,
And pardoned every sin,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Though hell should me assail,
Through prayer I shall prevail,
There, where the Saviour died for me,
I need know no retreat,
Nor suffer a defeat,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Tune.—Let the dear Master come in.

A sinner so vile, full of darkness and shame,
I cried till the Saviour drew near,
In the Lamb's Book of Life He has written my name,
I know He has answered my prayer.

Chorus.

I've just had an answer to prayer,
I've just had an answer to prayer,
He's heard me again, oh, bless His dear name!
I've just had an answer to prayer.

I heard that He died for a sinner like me,
Then why need I drift to despair?
I knelt at His feet, cried, "Lord, set me free,"
And, bless Him, He answered my prayer.

He saw my heart's longing, and knew my distress,
He said, "Son, be of good cheer,"
The place and the hour I ever shall bless,
Where Heaven first answered my prayer.

I sought full salvation, deliverance from sin,
The cross I decided to bear,
I asked Him to make me all glorious within,
I'm glad He has answered my prayer.

Give Jesus your heart and His people your hand,
The Lord shall then answer your prayer,
The news shall be carried to the gloryland,
They'll know you're converted up there.

Tune.—In the cross.

Soldiers of the cross we are,
Neath the blood-and-fire,
We are marching on to war,
Lift the standard higher.

Chorus.

Raise the flag, raise the flag,
Up with blood-and-fire!
Raise the Yellow, Red, and Blue,
Lift the standard higher.

Fight with every fiend of hell,
Show the foe no quarter,
See our numbers how they swell,
Sin and drink we'll slaughter.

We are fighting in His might,
God will see us conquer;
Down with wrong and up with right,
What a glorious warfare.

Ever onward, no retreat,
Fight till all are driven,
Earth and hell we will defeat,
In the strength of heaven.

Tune.—Joy, behold the Saviour.

Down the rugged mountain rolling,
See the cleansing blood,
Mercy for the vilest flowing,
Wondrous saving good.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord, there is a fountain,
Flowing from the throne to-day;
Though your sins rise like a mountain,
They may all be washed away.

Though your soul you are neglecting,
Living still in sin,
And His drying love rejecting,
Christ will take you in.

Though the past you are concealing,
God can read it all;
While your guilt He is revealing,
At His footstool fall.

Mercy's door will soon be closing,
Jesus will be gone;
Soul and heaven you are losing,
Death will not be long.

Tune.—I've left the land of death and sin.

Through faith I know my sins forgiven,
And fight my way from earth to heaven;
And trust in Him who cannot fail,
When earth and hell my soul assail.

Chorus.

I'm fully the Lord's,
I'm fully the Lord's,
I fight for His Kingdom,
I'm fully the Lord's,
His soldier brave, I here to save,
I'm fully the Lord's,
I'm fully the Lord's.

I know His blood has made me pure,
His grace will help me to endure,
A soldier of the cross I'll be,
And live to preach His love to me.

He died upon the rugged tree,
From every sin to set me free;
He gave me power to walk in white,
And keep my soldier's armor bright.

My enemies I shall defeat,
And see them every one retreat;
A conqueror on this battlefield,
The Spirit's sword I'll ever wield.

Tune.—To the uttermost He saves.

Will you just give attention,
And listen now to me?
This all-important question
Demands much thought of thee.
O sinner, heed the warning,
That God has often given;
To you soon death is coming,
'Twill then be hell or heaven.

Chorus.

To the judgment you must go,
To the judgment you must go,
For that day prepares, it will soon be here,
To the judgment you must go.

To die without a Saviour,
Oh, what a solemn day,
To die without His favor,
'Twill be too late to pray.
To die, sins unforgiven,
The record of the past—
Will you from God be driven
And from His presence cast?

To world beyond you're passing,
Earth's joy will not last long,
Your death-bell will be tolling,
And you to judgment gone,
What then will be that sentence,
'Depart,' or His 'Well done'?
Oh, may it be the welcome,
"Into My Kingdom come."

Tune.—Death is coming.

Near Thy cross assembled, Master,
At Thy feet we fall,
Seeking power to send us faster,
Hear, Lord, while we call,
Soul and body consecrating,
Leaving every sin;
Longing for a full salvation,
Victory we shall win.

Chorus.

Send the fire, send the fire,
For this, Lord, we call;
Send the sanctifying fire,
Lord, baptize us all.

Fire that changes every craving
Into pure desire;
Fire destroying fear and doubting,
Fills, and saves us higher,
Fire that takes its stand for Jesus,
Seeks and saves the lost;
Fire that follows where He pleases,
Fearless of the cost.

Fire that turns men into heroes,
Out of weakness, might;
Fire that makes us more than conquerors.

Glories in the fight,
Fire that's daring, crosses bearing,
Now 'tis offered thee,
Fire, our Master's suffering sharing,
Dauntless fire for me.

In the upper room beseeching,
Faith the promise seized;
Hearts uniting, God-ward reaching,
One and all believed,
Fiery blessings fell from heaven,
Stammering tongues set free;
Holy Ghost to them was given—
With this, Lord, bless me.

Red Hot Revivalism.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND STAFF.
CAPT. MANTON

Will visit the Temple from Friday,
Nov. 7, to Monday, Dec. 1.

THE GENERAL

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKS, N.D., Friday, November 28th.

AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, Judge Cochrane in the Chair.

WINNIPEG, Saturday, Sunday and Monday,
November 29th, 30th and December 1st.

SATURDAY—Soldiers' Council at the S. A. Citadel. SUNDAY—The General will preach three times
in the Winnipeg Theatre. MONDAY—The General will speak on "The Past, Present and Future of
the Salvation Army," in Grace Church; Hon. R. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, in the Chair.